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**By
Valentine Brown**



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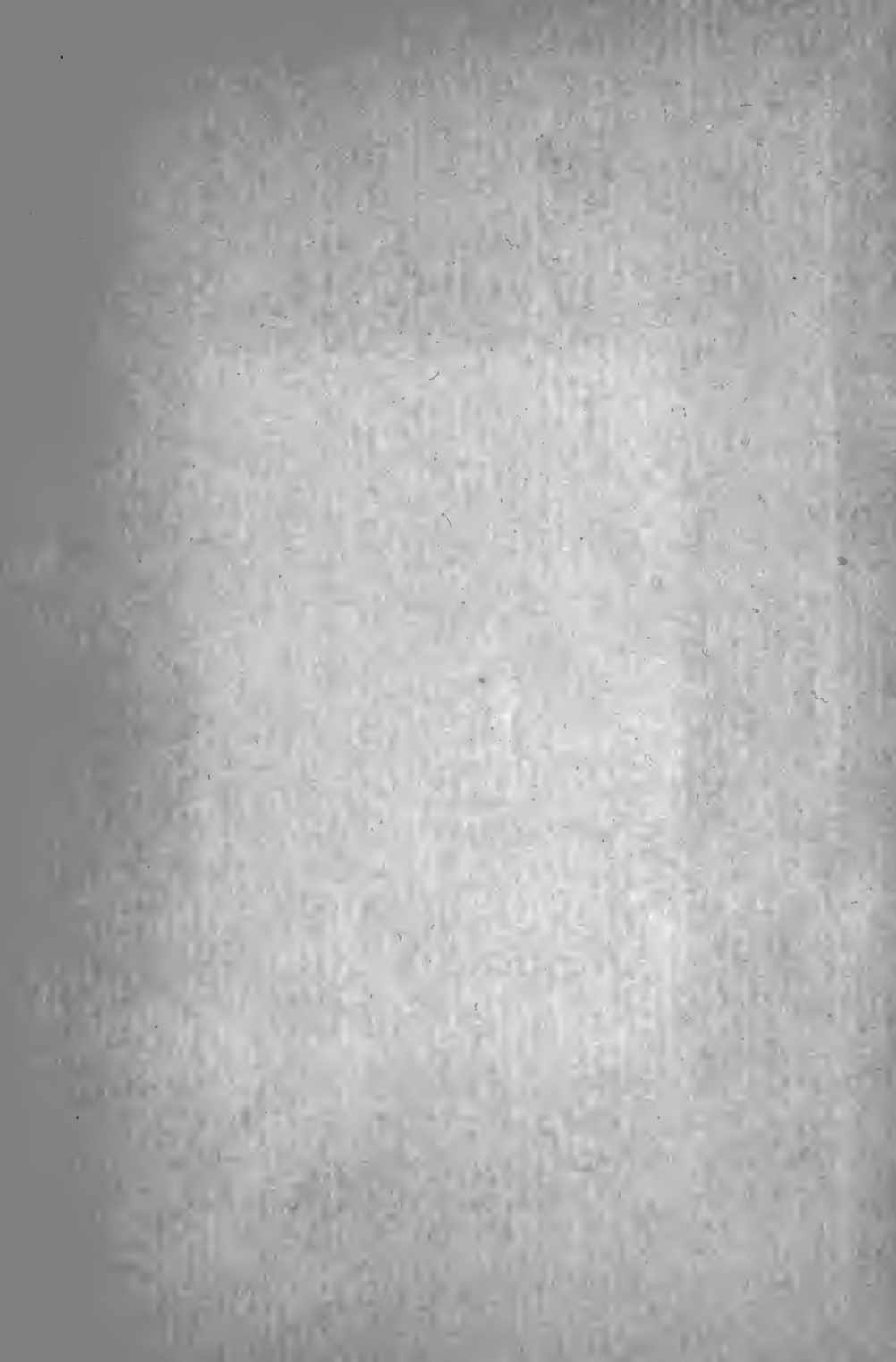
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THE CHIEFTAIN

AND

SATIRES

BY

Valentine Brown



PORTLAND, OREGON, 1903.

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DEDICATED TO
MY INFANT SON, ZENAS SHELLEY BROWN.

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PREFACE.

Of the verse in this book the 'Chieftain' and the 'Spirits' Concert' were written in the year 1890, the 'Reveille' in 1899, and the remainder since last Christmas. This is my third book of published verse, and the edition is offered to the public without further comments.

VALENTINE BROWN.

PORTLAND, OREGON, APRIL 4, 1903.

THE CHIEFTAIN.

PROEM.

Far in the wilds of the mountains, and over the prairies,
Down where the billows are rolling with ceaseless com-
motion,

Ever from times unremembered, like far away echoes
Wakened from caverns of night, come notes of a legend.
Gently the rivulet murmurs the chant of the hunter,
Softly the blossoms are lisping the song of the maiden;
Madly the torrent is sounding the wrath of the battle,
Fiercely the ocean is beating the dance of the victor.
Listen to them, and to tales of the whispering forest,
Then you will always have with you the life of the
Chieftain.

Where the great cliffs of Necarney look over the ocean,
Stands an old lodge room; above it the time beaten col-
umns

Hide in the vapors floating from banks of Nehalem.
At a low doorway is pensively sitting a warrior,

White are his locks, and dimmed are the eyes which are
gazing
Over the wave to the west where the sunbeams are
fading;
There he is thinking, that like the bright sun swiftly
hiding,
So are his brothers, once as the sands of the sea shore,
Now disappearing within the deep ocean oblivion.

Rises his voice, as shadows creep up the bleak ledges,
Weird is the chant, and sad is the voice of the singer;
"Never again will the warrior roam over the hillsides,
Never caneam will ripple the banks of the river;
Gone are the children who played by the streams of the
mountains,
Gone are the maidens who sang to the beams of the
morning;
Flower moon hide, for thy garlands are gathered by
strangers,
Harvest moon, shroud thy fair beams in the clouds of
thy sorrow;
Lone I am waiting, my brothers are calling from Tamath,
Lone I am coming, my children have journeyed before
me."

These are the words you will hear on the mountain and
meadow,
This is the tale that is told by the evergreen wildwood;
Listen to them, and the eddying swirl of the river,
Then you will ever have with you the life of the Chief-
tain.

PART FIRST.

He, the Great Spirit, compassionate Father of nations,
He the Creator of mountains, the Guide of the waters,
Down from the white-crested dome of the mountain
Ikama

Looked on the sea, and the shadowy vales of his people;
Slowly the smoke from the tepees circled the pine trees,
Gladly the paeans awoke at return of the huntsmen;
Then as the shouts of the children, and anthems of
maidens

Mingled with songs of the robin and music of ripples,
Fondly he uttered : "Happy are you, O my people."

When the fair springtime opened the paths through the
gorges,

Covered the meadows with blossoms, and hillsides with
beauty,

Carelessly wandered the Red Men from morning till
evening,

Spearing the salmon, and seeking the haunts of the
beaver.

They were not kinsmen united, for onward, and onward,
Like the lithe antelope roamed they in primitive wild-
ness.

Then the Great Spirit looked down from the mountain
Ikama,

Seeing the Nations, like children, straying forever;
Sadly he uttered : " They willingly no more obey me,

Some one I give them who always shall lead them and
rule them."

Calling the Chethel, the bird with the pinions of thunder,
Cried he: "Waken the fear in the heart of the roamer;
Rumble the echoes over the lordly Coast mountains,
Rouse from their slumbers the cliffs of the mighty
Cascadas."

Gently he breathed on the glistening top of Ikama,
Breathed on the smouldering embers, vapors ascended,
Glowing in anger the call for the tribes to assemble.
Frightened, the Red Men the signal was seeing, and
hastened
Over the valleys and rivers, unto the lodge room.

Where the low island of Wappato parts the Walamet,
Where the tall cottonwoods fringe the clay banks by the
river,

Gathered the Nations together to hear the Great Spirit.
Then, as the summer was casting its glistening emblems,
Painting the banks with wild roses, the hillsides with
dogwood,
Came from the cloud of the mountain a voice like the
ocean

Roaring with anger: "Listen, my people, and hearken!
Why do you wander the rivers in careless disorder?
Why are you leaving the village, to beasts of the forest?
One who will guide you in pathways of wisdom I give
you;
He is your chieftain; his footsteps alone you will follow."

"Where the great Oregon flows by the palisade gorges,

Where the swift waters are white on the columns basaltic,
There I will build up a bridge; this token I give you;
Long as it arches the river and binds the great ramparts,
You are my people—my anger will rend it asunder.
Choose one among you, if he will dance his defiance
On the high arch when my thunders call for the trial,
Him I will give for your ruler—my chosen forever.”

Scarcely the mandate was spoken, while rumbled the
echoes,

Shouted a warrior: “I will be first in the trial;
I am the son of the Thunder Bird! I will be valiant!
Now is my totem advancing! Soon is the death song!
Fiercely the eagle is screaming—great is Wabana.”

All of the warriors in council shouted together,
“We will away to the walls of the bridge to be builded,
Boldly to dance our defiance to death and to foemen;
Who, noble hearted, will fail not, he is our chieftain.”
Gaily canoams swept over the sheen of the river,
Softly the dip of the paddles blended with chantings,
Sweetly the waterfalls answered the music of ripples;
All of the Nations, collected, passed to the gorges,
Where a high bulwark imprisoned a lake in the Inland.

There the white water piled up on the columns basaltic,
There the great river poured down in a waterfall rumb-
ling;

Pouring from crevices, rushing through chasms, it ever
Fell to the depths, and its anger resounded in thunders.
Floating away from the turmoil, vapors were forming
Rainbows on rainbows, arching the heavens, and hiding

In a bright mantle the cliffsides battling the waters.

Roseate morning cast on the waters its shadows,
Painting the gates of the Eastland with colors resplendent;

Then on the ramparts the Nations were waiting the trial,
Waiting the test which would give to the Red Men a ruler.

Dancing, and chanting their songs of defiance, the warriors

Stood on the walls which imprisoned the lake of the Inland;

Dancing, and chanting a frenzy, they looked on the bright sun

Crossing the Arch of the Spirit far in the heavens.

Long was the day, but the warriors in trial were tireless,
Long was the night, but the signal fires brightly were burning;

Came the grey dawn, and the watchers, expectant, were hearing

Words of the Father who watched from the dome of Ikama.

"Waken, O Chethel, shake thy great wings on Tahomah!

Rise up, O Tismal, sound thy fierce wrath on Udona!
Soon will the bridge I am building span the great river,
Soon will the lake of the Inland sleep in the ocean."

Roared the dread Chethel, the bird with the wings of the thunder,

Blazed the fierce Tismal, the queen of the underground

regions;
Rumbled the Thunder Bird, "Taunt me not Tismal, I
slay you!"
Answered the Queen of the Chasm, "Chethel, I dare
you!"
Fiercely they rushed on each other, and mighty cliffs
trembled,
Fiercer they met, and the heavens resounded in battle.

Where were the dancers at the dread hour of their peril?
Where was Wabana?—fleeing away unto safety.
Shrill was the cry of the eagle, loudly the panther
Wailed from the cliffs on beholding the angry commo-
tion.

Clamoring, mad with excitement, the tribes of the Red
Men

Saw a lone warrior on the great bridge which was
building,

Heard a lone dancer chanting his song of defiance:
"I am the son of the Tanukh—child of the Northlight,
I am the fearless—see the mad glance on the waters;
Smite you, O spear barb! Chant the wild voicings, O
arrow!

Cleave the dark waters! Sing to the death of the
foemen!"

Darkened the heavens in battle, for Chethel and Tismal
Strove with each other—dread was the roar of their
pinions;

Then the Great Spirit was angered; he, on Ikama,
Grasping his hands full of boulders, hurled them, and
thundered,

"Woe to you chieftains! Woe to you Chethel and Tismal."

Swift at the foemen Nocuma shot his keen arrows,
Shrill was the voice of the missiles, loudly the bow-string

Sang of its prowess when drawn by the arm of Nocuma.
Clasping his spear, the warrior, thrice as he poised it,
Cried to the cloud on Ikama, "Behold me, Great Spirit."
Fiercely he threw it at the mad foemen in battle,
Fled the dread Thunder Bird—fled the grim Queen of the Chasm.

Then the Great Spirit reached downward, and grasping
a column,

Swiftly he hurled it, smiting the ramparts basaltic;
True was the aim, for it clove a great hole in the
mountain,

Forming in grandeur an archway over the river.

Thundered the waters filling the palisade gorges,
Thundered Tahomah, answered the mighty Udonah :
Then from the cloud on Ikama Nocuma was hearing,
"Chieftain, I greet you; see the great Bridge of the
Nations;

Long as it stands will the Red Men be my own people,
Be they united, and never its bulwarks will crumble—
You are my chosen—you, and your children forever."

Standing upon the high arch Nocuma looked downward,
Speaking with reverence : "This is the Bridge of the
Nations,

This is the span which will bind us as brothers forever."
Joyous, the people gathered together, and shouted,

"Hail we our chieftain, Nocuma." Then to Ikama
Turning, they uttered: "Hearken to us, O Great
Spirit."

II.

When the red planet, the Kaluth, glowed in the heavens,
Slowly was wafted the council smoke, circling, arising,
Calling the warriors to meet by the glow of the embers;
Mirthful and happy gathered the youths and the maid-
ens,

Merrily children ran for the sparks which were falling;
Silent, the warriors formed in the circle of council,
Seemingly wrapped in the veilings of stoical grandeur.
Rising, a warrior speaks: "Immortal is valor,
Bright as the sunlight, fierce as the Red Star above us;
Fearless Nocuma, holding its totems of power,
Stood on the cliff and Manitou robed him with glory.
Great is our Chieftain, the bright star is shining upon us,
Hail we Nocuma, counsellor, war chief of nations."

Paused the grim warrior, and then from the shadows
beyond them

Came an old woman unto the glow of the firelight;
Back to the hours of youth were her thoughts fondly
roaming,

Back to the islands encircled by streams of the ocean;
Where the waves rolled, each crested with glistening
silver,

Where the hills rose unto mountains of radiant white-
ness;

Then, though the weight of the winters were resting

upon her,
Joy of her theme threw over her being a rapture.

Softly she uttered : “ Kinsmen, a tale I will tell you.
When my life’s morning was casting its roseate gladness,
Came like a footstep the voice of the forest—I listened,
For it spake softly, ‘ Laota—Laota, look upward.’
There was a cradle of pine burrs caught in the branches,
Upward I climbed, my heart sang of love—I discovered
’ Neath the moss cover a babe sweetly sleeping and
smiling.

Came a low voice, ‘ Wana, Star of the evening,
Gives unto Earth Owawee, babe of her bosom;
Take her, Laota—take her and care for her ever.’
Clasping her fondly, I hastened away to the village,
Then and forever to care for the babe of the heavens.”

“ Often the springtime covered the hillsides with verdure,

Often the winter cast over the meadows its mantle,
And a sweet flower brightened the hours in the wild-
wood;

Fondly the hunter placed at my wigwam the beaver,
Gladly the warrior sang by the fire at the doorway;
But fair Owawee wended the path to the grotto,
Where a bold stranger awaited to love her and woo her,
And the fierce lover away from the village did bear her.”

“ Seeking the grotto, I heard the sad tale of the rushes,
How in the heavens the Red Star, youthful and stately,
Roamed at his pleasure among the fair valleys of star-
light;

Thoughtless of else than of hunting, he, glancing be-

neath him,
Saw fair Owawee straying the path on the meadow;
Soft was her step, and gentle, yet queenly her manner,
All of her being was robed in the beauty of pureness.
Gazing upon her, born in his heart was a longing
That she might follow his footsteps ever, forever,
That he might call her queen of the valleys of starlight.
Robed like the warriors above us he crossed the fair re-
gions,
Till at the grotto he waited, and chanted, 'Owawee,
Lovely Owawee, you are my fairest wild blossom.'

"Greyly the gloaming covered the low waving meadow,
When the fair maid to the call of the Kaluth did hearken,
Steal o'er the pebbles covering the way to the grotto;
Then the gruff voicing of Chethel sounded the turmoil,
Kaluth, his foeman, had crossed the dark bounds of
of his kingdom;
Quickly he hid from the village starlight and morning,
Dread was the roar of his wings on ocean and mountain;
Frightened, the maiden fled to the warrior for safety,
Frightened, the lovers fled unto Tanukh, the Northlight.
Loudly the Red Star cried to the Tanukh, 'Behold me!
Open the fortress, grant me admittance and shelter,
I am your kinsman, I, and my bride of an evening.'

"Then the bold Northlight aroused from his slumber,
lighted
All the far heavens with beamings of roseate armor;
Sounding the taunting, he dared the dread Chethel to
battle.

Rumbled the Thunder Bird, flashed his dark eyes from
his fury,
Fiercely the lightnings shot from the wrath of his pin-
ions;
Wheeled the mad Tanukh, streamed the great flames of
his tobet,
Oceans and ice fields sang of the glory of battle.
Slowly the Chethel fell backward, he on Tahoma
Waited the moment to find the stern fortress unguarded."

"Short were the hours of the autumn, the winter, and
summer
Found fair Owawee a mother; the Kaluth, delighted,
Cried, 'O my kinsman, this day we will battle the
Walrus.'
Then they together roamed over the ice fields and ocean,
Shouted the taunting, and strove with the sea king,
the Walrus;
But their return awakened their anguish, for ever
Gone was Owawee, and lost was the babe of her bosom.
Craftily Chethel had crept to the lodge of the Tanukh,
Found it defenseless, and fled with the babe and the
mother."

"Sad was my heart as I heard the refrain of the grotto,
Till a soft voice I was hearing, saying, 'Laota,
Far in the forest the babe of Owawee is weeping.'
Quickly I passed from the village, onward and onward,
Guided by spirit feet printed before me; and found it
Nestled among the pine branches. Fiercely the Chethel
Down from his fortress had hurled it, but winds safely
bore it
Unto the arbor where I was guided to find it.

Fondly I cherished him; and a sweet voice from the
Twilight
Said to me, 'Call him Nocuma.'

III.

When the pale dawning painted the gates of the Inland,
Passed from the village Nocuma seeking the Tanukh;
From the great Bridge of the Nations he looked on the
waters,

Looked on the palisades guiding the Oregon onward;
Forests o'ercovered the hillsides, purpled the canyons,
Columns basaltic mantled the river with shadows;
Then as Nocuma gazed on the snow covered mountains
Standing like sentries guarding the haunts of the Na-
tions,

Bowing, he uttered: "Father of all, the Creator,
Grand is our dwelling place—Is there a land as majes-
tic?"

Soon the dark deeds of the Thunder Bird rose up before
him,

Loud was his shout, as he looked on the dome of Taho-
mah,

"Where are you Chethel?—skulking within the deep
caverns,

Where are you, craven?—hiding, and fearing Nocuma;
I am the son of the Kaluth, I, alone dare you,
I am the Chieftain of Nations—here I defy you."
Only the roar of the river sounded beneath him,
Only the morning beamed on the Bridge of the Nations;

Still was the Chethel, but the white dome of Tahoma
Felt the black breath of the pinions which quivered an
instant.

Quickly Nocuma passed the defiles in the mountains,
Climbed the great heights, and crossed the moraines of
Tahoma,
Crossed to the meadows of silver unchanged in the ages.
Fair was the scene to the warrior, down, ever downward,
Sank the deep canyons, like stairs where steps were the
mountains,
Sank the great forests in oceans of sun-tinted purple.

Far in the Inland, seeming vast billows the pampas
Rolled on the serried red ramparts, where rivers were
flowing
Shimmering unto the Oregon. Mountains in mantles
Cold as the shroud on Tahoma rose up around him;
Oceans of azure formed the horison, and leadening,
Ushered the sunset; then the ice wand of the glacier
Smiting him, told him that he was a mortal.

Silent,

Raptured, Nocuma had viewed the fair vista, the Thun-
der Bird
Lost in his revery, broken—he uttered: “Great Spirit,
Thou art alone in thy prowess, for the waters obey thee,
When thou art frowning the storm wind flees in its
terror;
Unto the hills thou art glancing and they are in trem-
bling,
Mountains are bowing before thee—they hail thee

Great Spirit."

Soon to the north he saw a bright glow, for the North-
light
Clad in his armor came through the grey of the heavens.
Joyous, he shouted : " Far in the regions beyond me
Tanukh is roaming, is seeking the king of the Walrus;
Now are the jets from his tobet filling the heavens."

Quickly the chieftain crossed the moraines of the
mountain,
Even as if he was trailing the paths of the bison,
Till the high walls of a canyon arose up around him,
Checking his footsteps and hiding the twilight in dark-
ness.
Then the dense forest was lighted by flashing auroras,
Soon a low rumbling told the approach of the Tanukh;
Swiftly he came, and his great spear, long as the pine
tree,
Buried its barb in the sward as he uttered : "Chieftain,
I greet you." Then the bright mantle he folded, and
placed it
Under a boulder, and dimmed was the splendor to twi-
light.

Spake the fierce Tanukh: "Offspring of gentle Owawee,
Knew I the hour of your coming, and came here to
meet you,
I am your kinsman, your foemen are mine—I am with
you,
Be it at warfare with men, or strife with the Chethel;
Yet, the lone mortal is powerless with the immortal,

Vain is the impulse that called you away from your
people;
Hearken to words of the Tanukh—return to thy people
Lead them in ways which the feet of the mortals should
follow.”

Paused the fierce Tanukh an instant, the chieftain,
bewildered,
Looked on the being who battled with warriors im-
mortal;
Soon he beheld him lighting a pipe like a human,
Breathing the vapors softly around him and o'er him.
Thrice did the clouds of the kinik circle above him,
Thrice to the winds of the heavens breathed he the
vapors,
Passing the peace pipe, and saying: “Nocuma, do
likewise;
For are the bands of our friendship thus welded to-
gether.”

“Listen, my kinsman: Grey are the once glowing em-
bers,
Needing the fagots we gather to kindle them always;
So is the human needing an aid to replenish
What he would have if worthy to be a great chieftain.
Valor and wisdom are the dry fagots to gather,
They in the bosoms of mortals nourish the embers
Warming the warrior in battle—giving the triumph.”

“Thus is my story. Before the first dawn in the heavens
Beings immortal roamed on an ocean of darkness;
Softly murmured a wind on the surface and crested
All of the waves with the tintings of stars shining o'er

us.

Weirdly resounded the echoes along the low sea shore,
Sweet was the song of the billow, the voicings of foam-
ings

Paused in their play to chant to the cove and the grotto;
Brighter the crestings were gleaming, till, dancing with
gladness,

Like unto fire-flies flitting at night on a meadow,
Roamed they at pleasure, for born were the stars in the
heavens;

They are but spirits robed in an armor immortal.”

“Then a dark gale swept over the path of the zephyr,
Deep was the rumble awakened, the valleys were cov-
ered

In a bleak mantle, the wings of the now rageful Chethel.
Shouted the bright stars: “Must the fair valleys be
shrouded?

Desolate always the waters which sang of the morning?
Quickly the battle was raging; boldly the bright stars
Grasping their weapons strove with the wrath of the
darkness;

Over the woodlands and rivers they whirled in their
anger,

Trembling the mountains, till rushed from the chasms
a creature

Robed in the fire winds of Tismal. Clamors and echoes
Thundered their glee, for the hosts of the heavens, des-
pairing,

Fled from the conflict—fled unto me for a shelter,
Crying: ‘O Tanukh, let the bright streams from your
tobet

Flash through the madness pursuing your brothers and allies."

Roused from my slumber, I girded my mantle around
me,
Poising my spear I drove it amain at the foemen,
Grasping my war club, I whirled it and chanted the war
song,
Come you, O come you! waiting I stand by the mount-
ains,
Flows the bright crimson—purples the pathways before
me;
Where are the dreams of the twilight?—lost in the
splendor
Of the bright meteor—gone are the ages of slumber.
Hear me, O mountains! firmly I stand in your presence;
Hear me, O ocean! let the loud war shout awaken!
From the fair dream of the ages I rouse for the battle,
Warfare is mine—foemen, hear the defiance.'
Heard the dark Chethel the taunt, and rumbling his
answer,
Like a mad surge on a cliff he rushed to the battle;
Fiercely my war club was smiting, streams of my tobet
Stole from his eyes the red flashes—roared his fell pin-
ions,
As the mad Chethel daunted the prowess of Tanukh."

"Then the bright stars were advancing, and loud was
the chanting,
Dread was the turmoil, the clamors and songs of the
arrows;
Lowered undaunted the foes of the stars of the heavens,

Over the valleys and mountains, wheeling and fighting,
Raced we in desperate battle, till Chethel, defeated,
Fled from a meteor hurled by the arm of the Tanukh."

"Over the roar of the battle a voicing of anger
Thundered, 'My children, cease from this warring forever;
Comes the great chieftain, see the bright streams of his
tobet
Over the Eastland—he is the sun of the heavens.
Tanukh, the valiant, yours are the realms of the North-
land,
Chethel, the fearless, seek the high dome of Tahoma;
Night skies I give to the bright stars, the round moon
is chieftain,
Tismal is queen of the chasms where roll the dark
waters;'
Spake thus the voice, and willingly each one obeyed it,
Save, the fell Chethel, revengeful, ever is watching,
Waiting the hour of the turmoil—knowing but darkness.
Dare not his anger, Nocuma; take this, the peace pipe,
Back to the Nations, my token of friendship forever."

IV.

As the glad morning arose o'er the Eastland, and
dotted
Softly the hillsides with tintings of roseate beauty,
Picturing forests, where shortly before had the vapors
Filled the lone valleys with gloom and the silence of
midnight,

Swiftly the chieftain passed to the land by the river,
Planning the future, that all might be well with his
people."

Smoke of the council fire rising over the pine trees
Gathered the warriors to meet by the light of the em-
bers;

Signals were glowing on the great cliffs of the river,
Bearing a message unspoken from mountain to moun-
tain.

Soon as Nocuma beheld the red omens of warfare,
Down the great cliffs and over the archway he hastened,
Seeking the council, and speaking: "What is the
portent."

Answered a warrior: "I am Atama, the fearless,
I am a prophet, for I have beheld the Wan Spirit.
From a high cliff I looked on the canyons beneath me,
Where a deep pool, limpid in crystalline beauty,
Seemed a fair mirror reflecting the crags and the verd-
ure.

Down the steep ledges unto its banks I did wander,
When a low rustle, nearing, told of a hunter
Home from his trailing, coming to drink at the fountain;
Sounded the voice of a bow string, the chant of an
arrow,
And the lone hunter, stricken, fell in his footprints."

"Fiercely a foeman rushed forward, a tomahawk hurling,
Found it a victim, the water was darkened with anger;
Quickly a spirit arose from the depths of the turmoil,
Shouting, 'Forever war is between you and with you.'

Whirling a war club above him, he smote the mad victor
And the dark waters buried the foemen forever."

Silent, the Red Men waited the words of the Chieftain:
"Sad is the striving of kinsmen, like a sere winter
Marking the path for the famine, like a fell tempest
Moaning around us; friendship is gladness, where ever
Blossoms of springtime wave within her fair presence,
Garlands of summer brighten the pathways she follows;
Here is the sign which will hold us as brothers forever."

From the dim embers he lighted the peace pipe, and
breathing
Thrice to the winds of the heavens the fragrant blue vapors,
Thrice to the dome of Ikama, a symbol of worship,
Passed it among them, saying: "Brothers, do likewise.
Noble Atama, see the fair plumes of the tobet,
And the bright mantle; be they your robes of the
prophet;
Let the glad paeans awake at the triumph of hunters,
Let the fair knowledge within you reveal to us dangers
Ever around us, unseen to the eyes of the roamer."

Morning advancing looked from the walls of the East-
land,
Seeing the Chieftain seeking the pool of the Spirit,
Searching for knowledge foiling the foe of his people;
Then as the moonbeams illumined the heavens with
silver,
In the deep canyon he looked on the foaming mad
water.

Upward a column of water arose in a geyser,
Covering the boulders trembling beneath the hot lash-
ings;
Boiling and swirling, sank the white water beneath him,
Then on the surface stood the Wan Spirit, and uttered,
"Why do you seek me, Nocuma?" Answered the
Chieftain,
"Must the dark cloud of the battle shadow the Nations?
Must the keen arrow blast the fair homes of my people?"

Spake the Wan Spirit: "The mortal is born unto tur-
moil;
Like a swift stream will the childhood sweep on its
mission,
Like a mad river will manhood roll on its journey,
Like the salt waves of the sea the immortal is tossing
On the great ocean, Hereafter. Look on the river,
Rest at the torrent and hear the one tale they are telling;
War with the cliffs is their portion, thus is their guid-
ance,
Scattered and broken they war with the storms of the
ocean."

Down in the seething black waters the Spirit had hidden
Ere to the homes of his people Nocuma was passing;
Sank the fair moon as the Chieftain crossing the mount-
ains,
Looked from the Bridge of the Nations down in the
darkness.
"Be you as brothers united," the Father had spoken,
Could the trust broken grant else than the Spirit pre-
dicted?

Soon the fierce dance of the battle began at the lodge
room,
Soon the loud war song arose from the warriors in council.

Unto the circle Nocuma hastening, shouted :
“ Why is the tomahawk dug from the place it was
buried ?
Why is the dance of defiance ?—speak, I will listen.”
Then did Atama, ordained to behold the dim future,
Cease from his dancing, and answer : “ Hear my
strange story.”

V.

“ When the fair rays of the starlight illumined the
waters,
Chanced I to wander along the steep path of the rapid,
Listening unto the rumble that sounded around me.
Stately the Bridge of the Nations appeared in the star-
light,
Binding the gorges through which was the wild river
rushing.
Freely I wandered the cliffs to the archway above me,
Saw the fair stargleams enkindle the heavens with
azure,
Changing the outlines of gorges to dim purple shadows.
Darker the shadows looked upward, and weird was their
gazing,
They said, ‘ Atama, leap from the height and be with us;
We will receive you, and soft is the pillow of darkness,’
Then as I looked changed was their gaze, and bewitch-
ing,

Was the wild depth which bound with a strange facination."

Softly a light from the Eastland, the moon on her
journey
Passed o'er the mountains, and looked on the valleys
and waters,
Saying, 'O valleys, why are you robed with the shadows?
Why is your mantle, O waters, the night of the cavern?'
Hearing the voice of the moonlight, they sought her
caresses,
Smiled a glad answer, and changed was their raiment
to beauty;
Then the deep gorges were grander, the jewels were
sparkling
On the grey robes of the vinings wreathing the ledges.
Laughing, the waters saw the dismay of the shadows
Fleeing for safety, and saying, 'protect us, O verdure,'
Till the fair moon passed unto the regions of slumber,
Over the Bridge of the Heavens unseen to the mortal;
Fondly the song of the mountains, their anthem of
welcome,
Came from the quietude seeming a vision of Tamath."

"Then on the rapid strange objects were swiftly approaching,
Rushing on fearlessly unto the death which awaited;
Came the wild paean—came the bright flash of the
paddle,
Rang a loud shout which stilled the deep roarings beneath me—
Shoutings of triumph thrilling my being with frenzy."

“ Down on the rapids caneams were racing with madness

Over the torrent, unto the seething dread whirlpool—
Only an instant and gone was that vision forever.

Quickly I hastened over the walls of the gorges,
But at the bank was only the rage of the river
Sounding incessantly—sounding a requiem ever.”

“ Then in the forest dancing the dance of the mystic,
Chanting the song of the prophet till morning, I hastened

Where the strange vision awakened a light for my footsteps.

Silent and lonely were flitting the moments of noonday,
Twilight came softly and whispered: ‘Be fearless, Atama,
For with the night time is told you the past and the future.’

Darkness descended, and weird was my hour in that darkness,

Listening unto the voices around me, till slowly
Came from the shadows four kinsmen, to utter: ‘We greet you,

Ere we may pass to the far away lands of Hereafter.”

“ Fair was the zephyr that guided the gliding caneams,
Light was the heart as the ripples dancing with moonbeams,

As the swift beaver paused in its flight as our treasure.
But a dark hour, as we slept by the bank of the river,
Were we awakened to feel the keen throngs of our foemen,

In the caneams as captives to glide on the river.”

“Rose the bleak east wind, and with it the angry com-
motion,
Fearful the strangers were, vain was the arm in the
battle;
Swiftly the cliffs in the blackness fled from before us,
Swifter the shadows of vengeance followed behind us;
Wailed the lone panther, and roused from its slumber,
the heron
Boomed as it passed, and the mountains awakened with
echoes.
Wierd was the omen, the war chief no longer undaunt-
ed,
Shouted: ‘My warriors, loose from their bindings the
captives,
Bid them to guide us, and theirs is the treasure of vic-
tors.’”

“Down the swift river we passed in the light of the
moonbeams,
Silently onward, where on the bosom of slumber
Rested our people thoughtless of foemen or battle.
Think you, we traitors, and willing to purchase our
freedom
By the destruction, the ravage of homes of the Nations?
Nay, but the moment awaiting, given the signal,
In the dread whirlpool to bury forever the strangers.
‘Chieftain’, I answered: ‘Leave the swift path to my
guidance,
Ere the first glow of the morning fair riches await you.’”

“Soft was the music as dipped the swift paddles in
rhythm

Wafting the souls of the foemen to regions of dream-
land;
But the sad voice of the owlet was heard in the grotto,
Ill was the omen, and wakened the war chief from
slumber,
Hearing the dashings as raged the white waves on the
boulders.
Sounded the rumble of waters, by the bleak cliffsides
Passing unceasing, passed we upon the swift rapid;
Safe were our people, for on the fair meadow behind us,
Thoughtless of danger, peacefully sleeping we left them."

"Sounded the signal, and boldly we shouted the paean,
'Stand there, O Bridge of the Nations! Stand there and
guide us
Unto the haven awaiting—we sip the dark waters.
Where are the foemen?—sleeping like children, but
quickly
Comes the dread choking of waters—they shudder with
terror.
Rage, O ye billows! rise, O ye mists of the chasm!
Strive, O my brothers—soon we are free and forever."

"Roused was the war chief, hearing the turmoil before
him,
Dawned the pale guidance unto the Haven of Silence.
'Warriors,' he shouted: 'Waken, and battle the waters,
Fear not the totem of women and we are in safety.'
How our hearts beat with the hope of our glad expecta-
tion,
How the firm sinues of foemen were battling the waters;
Soon they must know to die in a strange land their por-

tion,
Soon they must feel the dread awe of the moment of
parting;
Sounded the words of the war chief: 'Speed the keen
arrow!
Death has no terrors—still the mad taunts of the cap-
tives!'
Firmly we faced them, and saw the quick flash of the
weapons,
Heard the sharp twang, and the shout while we answer-
ed defiance—
Silence unbroken, silence as sweet as is slumber,
Came till we wakened and hastened this story to tell you;
Go to your kinsmen and tell them we died for our peo-
ple.'
These are the words as I heard them, and this is the
story
Told by the spirits gone to the far away Tamath."

Answered the Chieftain: "Brothers, the words of
Atama
Tell us of dangers surrounding us with their dark
weavings;
Let the four heroes be chiefs in the past of our people,
Let the fond songs of the Nations re-echo their praises;
Guard the fair river, but seek not the home of the
strangers,
For it is written—ever the love of the Father
Shines on a people living as brothers, united."

Dark were the glances, as anxious the Nations for ven-
geance,
Waited the signal to traverse the plains of the Eastland;

And in the silence that followed their eyes to Atama
Turned they, and whispered : "May he be chief of
our people."

Quickly Atama holding a tomahawk upward,
Shouted : "My warriors, here is the signal, I greet you."
They in their frenzy made answer : "We hail you, our
Chieftain."

Wheeling in anger, shrieked the bold eagle above them,
Leading the way on the river, the warriors repeating—
"Great is Atama, see the fair omen of victors."

PART SECOND.

Morning and evening passed over the valleys and
mountains,
Waking the song birds, and lulling their anthems to
slumber,
Robing all nature with beauty of Indian summer.
Sad were the hours of Nocuma; listening often
Unto the voices which rambled the banks of the river,
This he was hearing: "Waken Nocuma, behold them—
See on the mountains the signal fires calling the council,
Now the Great Spirit enkindles his omen of anger."

Quickly the Chieftain climbed the great cliffs by the
river,
Saw the white mountains lit by the fires of the heavens.
Glowed the high dome of Ikama again with vermillion,
Answered Udonah, Tahomah awakened from slumber,
Rose in its grandeur, clad in the scarlet of battle.

Standing upon the high cliff, the Chieftain was gazing
At the weird portent, awed by the signs of the moment,
When in his presence appeared a fair spirit in veilings
Soft as a twilight, beauty and pureness commingled,
Flowing from eyes where was dwelling a pureness un-
dying.

Gently she uttered: "Nocuma, the Father is angry,
People who listen not follow the ways that are bitter;
Soon are the Nations trembling before the dread Winter,
Soon are your warriors waiting a chieftain to lead them;

Yet, you must leave them, and walk in the paths of
Hereafter,
From the dim lessons before you learn of the future,
Learn the reward of the faithful, the fate of the venge-
ful,
Then to the Nations returning, speak that they quickly
Lull the Great Spirit who kindles his signals in anger.
Follow my footsteps, and ere the first dawn of the mor-
row
At the deep Spirit Lake is a fair guardian awaiting."

Boldly the Chieftain awoke from the moments of dream-
ing,
Followed the spirit over the Bridge of the Nations,
Over the hills where the red light glowed on Udoná.
Grandly above him arose the great walls in the heavens,
Canyons beneath him sank in the shadows of forests;
Onward and downward the spirit was leading his foot-
steps
Where in its cradle the Spirit Lake peacefully rested.
Standing beside it, weird was the view to the gazer,
Strange were the voicings murmuring on the still water,
Voicings of forests waving upon the great ledges.

Over the lake a caueam glided towards him,
Crossing in silence the shadows, coming serenely,
Till by the bank it was waiting; then rose on the water
Sweet spirit voices, saying: "The Chieftain is welcome,
Safely we guide you unto the realms of Hereafter."

Gently the shallop was wafted by anthems around him,
Softly the echoes were borne on the water, and dream-
land

Seemed the dark gate of the spirit-world Land of the
Twilight.

Paused the caneam, the Chieftain awakened, before him
On the dim shadowy bank a maiden was waiting,
Saying, "Nocuma, I am your guardian, Naola;
I am your guidance in the weird vales of the 'Twilight.'"

Fair as the morning that lightens the gloom on the
meadow,
Seemed the strange maiden, and answered the Chieftain,
"Naola,
You are a light in the darkness, you I will follow."
By the dark outlines of mountains and shadowy gorges,
Cliffsides and canyons, woodlands in robings of purple,
Passed they unceasing, till rolled a deep river before
them.

Near the steep bank an island stood out of the river,
While from the wave intervening arose a great willow,
Waving and leaning with night winds sighing around it.
Down with a weight it drooped upon the deep river,
Gently then rising, glided the branches serenely
Over the waters, until they were resting above them;
Down, slowly downward, falling, on the dim pathway
Sank the great branches, then floated again to the island.
Ceaselessly forward and backward the great tree was
swaying,
Sometimes o'erbowed with a burden unto the river;
Then from the waters came a low wailing of anguish.

Whispered the maiden: "See the wan souls on the
island,
Waiting the moment wafting the branches towards them;

Quickly the tree on the surges will weigh them, and
bear them

Either to safety, or else unto anguish for ages.

Over the pathway of death they pass to the island,
Pass on a bridge that is slender as webs of a spider;
Lashed by the dread of a tempest moaning behind them,
Smote with the fear of the river roaring beneath them,
Eagerly grasp they the means of their safety or ruin,
Hoping that quickly they reach the fair haven so near
them."

"Swiftly the mortal must pass to the home of its future,
Safely the spirit will cross to the dark river island,
For is the body a dwelling place only a moment,
Sorrows encompass it, trials to make the soul purer.
One that is faithful finds the reward of the guiltless,
But as the balances sink with the load of the sinful,
Sweep the dark waters upon them; then the long wailing
Floats on the surface, for spirits doomed to destruction,
Take the long journey unto their haven, the Seewuk."

Soon they were passing again through the regions of
shadows,

Canyons and cliffsides, mountains extended above them
Robed in the purple of twilight, somber with forests.
Warriors and hunters silently glided before them,
Women and children roamed in the pathways around
them;

Wrapped in their mantles wandered the chieftains and
prophets,

Having no purpose before them, save, stoic composure.

Then as Naola beheld them, she said: "Nocuma,

Long is the passer within the dim Land of the Twilight;
As is the water which flows through a lake that is placid,
Sifting through pebbles, and leaving the foulness behind
it,

Moving forever, though ever apparently motionless,
Till as it reaches the outlet we see the fair ripples;
So are the spirits around us borne through the haven,
Till ripples the gladness of Tamath."

A river of darkness
Moaning below them, swept by the path they were
going.

Looking before him, the Chieftain saw a strange being,
Hearing his mutterings deep as the waters around him;
Then he remembered the pool which boiled on the
ledges,

Saw in his presence again the Wan Spirit revengeful.
Uttered Naola: "I leave you, but wait your returning,
Here is the Seewuk, the Chief of Iltapa is with you."
Said the Wan Spirit: "The Red Man is like a reed
standing,

Moved unto passion if warfare is sounding its coming,
Ever unmoved if mercy is calling for shelter;
Finding his portion, if fortune awaits him, the Seewuk.
Follow, Nocuma; we from the mountain Iltapa,
See my dominions where roll the nine rivers of anguish."

Silently onward, but swiftly, they passed the mad river,
Crossed the dank swamps that were reeking with terrors
and blackness;

Crevices dismal opened their jaws to receive them,
Mighty cliffs over them seemed as if battle-height ram-
parts.

Ceaselessly, silently, upward they climbed to Iltapa,
Climbed the great mountain, the Chieftain hearing the
turmoil
Sounding the rage of the valleys of unbroken darkness.
From the bleak summit he saw a pale dawn light above
him,
Far to his left hand a morning rose over the vapors;
But at his right hand a pillar of hissing, mad fire
Screamed like a tempest, and rolled on a portion of
Seewuk.

Said the Wan Spirit: "This is the fate of the mortal
Weighed with the burdens casting him in the mad river;
Swiftly the current bears him upon its dark bosom,
Past the dim banks of the Twilight, ceaselessly onward;
Vain is the struggle, and vain is the wailing of anguish,
Roll the black surges, as dashing the waters are always
On the high cliffs which are rising as sentries around
him;

Yet, a faint hope is awaiting, on a huge column
Waiting is Tezther, over that region the ruler,
Either to seize him, or bid him speed on to his portion.
Tezther is judge of the doomed; if lightly are floating
Souls of the mortals upon the black surface, he grasps
them,

Hurls them behind him, shouting: "Woe to you,
faithless!"

But if they sink with the load the revengeful must carry,
Frowning, he mutters: "Hasten, awaiting is Tismal!"
Then like a leaf that is blown on the whirl of a tempest,
They flee unto 'Tismal, the Hopeless."

"There the deep gorges

Narrow the river which sifts through a screen, slowly
sifting,
Till on the surface appear the black lines of the boulders,
Holding the souls of the doomed until given the signal.
Then the bleak sides of the gorges are nearing, and
downward
Press the great walls on the boulders swiftly revolving,
Grinding, devouring, leaving but atoms there only.
Vain is the shriek from the pain, the millstones are
heedless,
All is soon over, except the swift end of the journey;
Back, fallen back are the gorges, leaving a pathway
Waiting the breath of a furnace, for a mad ocean
Rushes across it—see its red glow on the Seewuk.”

Fiercely the spirit was pointing across the dun vapors,
Held was Nocuma by bands of a weird facination,
For he was seeing a column of livid bright fire
Rushing and whirling; loud was the shriek of its anger.
Then the Wan Spirit was saying: “Lost are the hope-
less,
Gone are the doomed to the Ocean of Silence, yet ages
Bring them again to the land they left in a moment;
Ever reposes within them the thought of that journey,
It is the voice that within you speaks to you ever;
Hear it, Nocuma, for always its guidance is justice.”

“Chieftain,” he uttered; “Glance at the column before
us,
Where the fell Tezther, judge of the souls that are
passing,
Grasping his chosen, cries in his anger, “My consorts,

Quickly wreak now a vengeance." On the dank ledges
Creatures distorted and ghastly, fanged and envenomed,
For the doomed souls that are freed on the ledges are
springing,

Shouting, "O Tezther, lot us a portion, a morsel."
Flee the lost souls in their terror, upward they hasten,
Till from the top of the column, down, madly down-
ward,
In the Nine Waters they plunge with hope of a respite."

"Vain is the effort, for soon they behold writhing ser-
pents
Sweeping towards them, vipers and snakes without num-
ber
Float on the islands of ooze and the slime of the waters.
Never their portion is Tismal, but in the Nine Waters,
Smote by the fangs and the stings of the hissing myriads,
They strive until respite awaits them."

Then the Wan Spirit
Parted the veil of the vapors an instant, Nocuma
Saw the dread region beneath him, and massive, bleak
column,
Rising till hid in the vapors which slowly were circling.
There a great valley was parted by nine sluggish rivers,
Nine were the ridges which circled an island of mid-
night.
Said the Wan Spirit: "The fallen are driven by terror
Ceaselessly onward from ridge and the mire of the
waters,
Ever where monsters are lurking, awaiting to rend them;
Respite they seek on the island, and it, overcrowded,
Hears the dire rage of a struggle, as all of them, frenzied,

Seek for a foothold, though others must fall from the ledges."

"Mercy is even abiding in Seewuk, for always
It is my duty, when they are sufficiently punished,
Unto new torments to lead them. Each follow quickly,
Where the Nine Waters are ended winds a deep canyon,
There is the region of Winds of the Knives of the
Thousand.

Fiercely the tempest is blowing, and dread is the ordeal,
Like the mad rush of the Thunder Bird through the
black heavens,

Fall on the wanderers spirits of vengeance, and quickly
Stricken, forsaken, despairing, they fail in the gauntlet;
Then a wild tempest will sweep down the canyon, and
grasp them,

Bear them to shelter within the lone coves of the
mountains.

Hearing the rumblings of madness sounding around
them,

Up the bleak canyon they hasten, and fiercer the
whirlwind

Hurls the keen knives, and the victims fail in the trial.
Forward and backward, like the deep swaying of
branches,

Feeling the weight of the storm blast, the sigh of re-
leasing,

Ever are passing the fallen, knowing no respite,
Save the brief moment that carries them back to the
shelter."

"But is the torment not always, toiling unceasingly,
Sometime they reach the high ledges above them, and

joyous,

See on the mountain the brightening hues of a twilight;
Crumble the ledges beneath them, down they are falling,
But as the hiss of the missiles are sounding, the flashes
Piercing the gloom of the valley, flee the doomed spirits
Over the pathways which ever retreat from the footsteps.
Wearied with toiling, hopeless, at last will the mercy
Even of Seewuk be on them, a trail on the mountain
Leads them in safety, and gladly they pass on the journey."

"Fair is the scene for an instant, breathing the vapors
Lit by the region glowing on far away Tamath,
But is the toiler descending where winds a path barren,
Over the desert and hills of the thorn and the sage brush;
There is the bed only flint, and the thorn is the pillow."

"Seeing beyond them a glimmer, the hope of a rescue,
Haste they on blindly unto the torment awaiting;
Fades the pale guidance, and monsters are rushing to grasp them,
Fleeing for shelter they find the embrace of the winter.
Seeing a covert before them, they struggle to reach it,
Braving the tempest, but vain is the effort, for surely
Rises the haven they long for beyond them, their portion
Is the bleak plain and the smite of the ice drops relentless."

"Fading, receding, the shelter again is appearing
Ever before them, until by the waters of safety
Wait the freed spirits the signal which brings the canoeam.

Nine are the islands which rest on the waters, and fairer
Each are appearing, are seeming the haven awaiting,
Till the glad souls to the realms of the Twilight are
wafted.

Slowly, but gladly they pass on the paths of the shadows
Till in the distance the glow of the Tamath arises."

II.

Over the causeway the guardian crossed with Nocuma,
And on the bank of the river pausing, they listened
To the mad swirl of the waters lashing the column.
Muttered the Spirit as deep as the moanings of Seewuk,
Faded his form in the night, and the Chieftain, bewild-
ered,

Looked on the river before him; saying, "A mortal
Lives as we know him a moment, and flees to the future,
Yet, in that moment is marked out the steps he must
follow."

There was Naola awaiting; she said : "Nocuma,
I am your guidance unto the portal of Tamath."
Then they were passing again through the Land of the
Twilight,

Warriors and hunters were roaming the pathways
around them,

Women and children happily strayed on the meadows;
Slowly before them wandered two forms in the shadows;
One was a woman, youthful and fair was her being,
And her companion, a warrior, seemed a fond lover;
Then as the Chieftain beheld their devotion, he uttered:
"Is this the fair land of the blessed?" Answered Naola,

“What you would know I will tell you. By the far river,
Where mortals are dwelling, following steps of the
hours,

Roamed a young warrior and beautiful bride of a summer.

She was the pride of the village, the joy of her husband,
But the Wan Spirit did meet her, and call her towards
him,

And the fair blossom faded away in the darkness.”

Sadly the warrior was saying: “Are dreary forever
Paths which were brightest when lit by the eyes of
Yoathl,

All now is darkness—all as the clouds of the midnight.”

But in the forest a footstep was nearing, the warrior

Saw his fair bride of a summer beckoning fondly,

Heard the sad voice which was saying: “The meadows,
the valleys,

Dear were the rambles among them, your presence to
guide me;

Sweet was the voice which permitted me follow your
footsteps;

They fade away, and forever, and I, where I know not.

Go on a journey which tells no fond hour of returning.”

Passed the fair being within the deep forest beyond him,

He was forsaken, and lone was the door of his wigwam;

Quickly he followed her footsteps, onward and onward,

Over the valleys of shadows, and in the deep canyons

Passing in silence, though often Yoathl looked backward,

Motioning him to abide the sad moment of parting.

Then the dark waters appeared like a gloom in the
pathway,

Frail was the bridge that must carry the bride from his
presence;
Cried he in anguish, and came the Wan Spirit and
touched him,
Then they together crossed unto the storm-beaten island,
Crossed to the haven, to roam in the Land of the Twi-
light."

"By the bright portal I saw them awaiting the signal,
Heard the sweet voice which was calling, 'Yoathl, come
forward.'
But she was silent, for the name of her husband, un-
spoken,
Bade her to leave him to enter the gladness of Tamath.
They are together roaming the Land of the Twilight,
Happy forever, though dim are paths for their guidance;
You have beheld them entwining the bowers around us."

III.

Through the deep forest Nocuma was passing, and
brighter
Glowed the fair portal, until like a streamer of sunlight
Flowed by his footsteps the path to the gate of the
blessed.
Soon he was seeing two mountains like crystal at sunrise,
Hiding their tops in the radiance over the Tamath;
They were the bulwarks parting the palisades golden,
Where the commingling of beauty and splendor was ever.

Pausing in wonder, Nocuma beheld at the gateway
Guarding the entrance, a sentry stern and defiant,

Though at his side was a woman of gentle demeanor,
Calling the names of the wanderers waiting the signal.
Gladly they listened, and hastened to enter the portal,
Ending the journey where game trails extended forever.

Then as the Chieftain beheld them, a woman came forward,
Clothed in the radiance of the fair land of the blessed;
Fondly the waiting ones uttered his name at her coming,
Saying, "Owawee is happy, and happy the Chieftain,
She, the fair woman, the beautiful flower of Tamath,
He, the bold warrior, the pride of the Nations in valor."
Gently he uttered: "As through the deep forest I wandered,
Lonely and friendless, came the soft voice of the zephyr,
Calling and saying, "Why are you sorrowed, Nocuma?"

Answered Owawee: "Never the voice of the zephyr
Spoke to you, counselled you, for it was I ever calling;
From the fair pathways arbored by branches and flowers,
From the delights that surround me my soul had a
longing

Quickly to pass the dark waters, my child was in danger;
Often I crossed them, and oft, as the shadows were falling,
Weaving their snares to enclose him in bands unrelenting,
Near his fond presence I whispered a word and he
heard me;

Then as his boyhood advanced to the might of a chieftain,
Happy, I saw him the light and the pride of the Nations;
Though is my portion the gladness of Tamath, and ever
Blotted are moments which led me by waters of sorrow,

Deep in the being reposes a love that is ceaseless,
Love, that undying calls unto us over the waters."

"Here are the valleys of plenty where babble the rivers,
Fair are the blossoms which mantle the evergreen meadows;

Cool is the shade of the branches, though bright as the
noonday

Always is shining a light from a sky that is cloudless.
Though there are flowers we roam on the hillsides to
pluck them,

Though there are berries we reach for the branches to
pick them;

Over the mountains must hasten the hunter in trailing,
If he will place at the doorway the prize of the forest.
Never fatigue can await him, and now is the triumph
Sounding its echoes far on the mountains of Tamath.
Storms of the winter, thorns and the briers are never,
Ever the song birds are warbling of Indian summer,
Summer unending, mingled with beauty of springtime;
These I have left when sadness encompassed Nocuma."

In the deep forest they wandered. She said: "Nocuma,
See the dim twilight hiding the glow of the portal;
They who will wander away from its light are in shadows;
Such is man's pathway, the smiles and the roses are
fading

When the wan presence of sadness hovers around him.
Be we contented, and sunny are all our surroundings,
Be we united, and bright are the paths of the morrow;
As is the dwelling place so are the people we find there."

"Tell to your people, that they the Great Spirit obeying,

Dwell by the Bridge of the Nations a nation forever;
But as the flower moon glides o'er the dome of Ikama,
It is a signal to chant the glad songs of devotion.
They all together shall meet in the dance of the spirit,
That the Great Spirit may hear them, and care for his
people."

Speaking thus only, she left him, for waited Naola
By the dim pathway to guide him unto the river."

Soon a deep canyon was nearing, no longer was silence,
For a mad roar was the answer to blasts of a whirlwind;
Down rushed the torrent, seething and maddened
beneath him,

While the lone island, bleak on the surge it was parting,
Felt the ill vapors that lowered and whirled on the
surface.

Then in the distance appeared a frail bridge like a net-
ting

Spanning the river, swaying and trembling above it;
It was the route of the spirits unto the island,
It was the path of the spirit commencing its journey;
There the great willow swayed in the vapors above them,
There the wan souls were awaiting to pass to their por-
tion.

Gently Naola was saying, "Your journey is ended,
Unto the Spirit Lake waits the caneam to take you."
Then as they passed from the region of twilight and
shadows,

Sang the sweet waters which bore him again unto
dreamland,

Till the bright starlight looked down on the Chieftain
awakened.

From the deep canyons he toiled, and crossing the
 mountains,
Stood on the Bridge of the Nations, his token of power.

Rolled the great Oregon under the arches basaltic,
Rose the white mountains guarding the haunts of his
 people;
Gone were the signals which glowed on their peaks as
 an omen,
Cold were the embers once calling the Nations to coun-
 cil.
Down from the cliffs he descended and passed to the
 lodge room,
Passed through the village where only were women
 and children;
Then in the solitude planning the good of his people,
Quickly he gathered his remnant of warriors for battle.

PART THIRD.

When the great gorge of the Oregon felt the bleak
east wind,
Changed its bright mantle of verdure to wintery white-
ness,
Boldly the Chieftain, with a few warriors collected,
Crossed the great bulwarks to find and to rescue his
people.
There was the river enrobed in the bleakness of ice
fields,
There the tall pine trees were bowed by the weight of
the snow drifts;
Like a pale spirit gliding through woods sere and yellow,
Moaned the cold east wind breaking the silence around
him.
Daunting the evils, the warriors passed on the swift
mission,
Crossed the defiles and saw the great plain of the East-
land.

From the deep canyons columns of smoke were arising,
Telling of foemen, and often the footprints before them
Bade them retire ere the ambush awoke with the tri-
umph.

Wary, sagacious, Nocuma by signs of the moment,
Read the design, and baffled the wiles of the foemen.
On, ever onward his followers traversed the desert,
Followed his guidance, until in a canyon, the signal

Told where the Nations awaited the moment of rescue.
Down the cliffs trailless he hastened unto their presence,
Saw the gaunt famine approaching to seize and devour
 them,
Looked on the hills which were clad with a sad desola-
 tion.
Must they all languish? Must they behold the Wan
 Spirit?
Nay, for Nocuma was with them, and joyous, they
 shouted :
“ Hail to the Chieftain, Nocuma ! ”

Where the wide river meandered its way to the Westland
Closely the famine trailed the deep prints in the snow-
 drifts;
Like the king buffalo leading its herd through the passes,
Fearless Nocuma defied the mad foemen around him,
Led his lorn people in safety through canyon and forest;
Then the loud echoes rang forth with the songs of the
 Nations,
Gone was the sadness, and passed had the hours of the
 winter.
Came the chinook, the wind of the spring from the
 ocean,
Touching the hillsides, to leave there the print of a
 blossom;
While from the pine knots the sparks were at evening
 arising,
Calling the warriors to meet by the glow of the firelight.

Circled the Red Men the camp fire in silence, impassive,
Gazing before them with stoical, sober demeanor,
Till in the circle Atama appeared and addressed them:

"I am a war chief no longer, but prophet before you,
Speaking the praise of the valiant Nocuma, the Chief-
tain.

In a great forest a pine tree gigantic is standing,
Strong are its branches to ward us from storms of the
winter;

One has been chosen, one alone able to lead us,
He is the pine tree, and we are the trees in the shelter."

"Know this, Nocuma, as over the sand hills we hastened,
Boldly advancing, we longed for the hour of the battle;
Ever our brothers before us, though slain by the waters,
Called upon us to revenge them, or fall in the combat."

Always the foemen were women, fleeing before us,
Over the hillsides we saw them like antelopes racing.
Hearing our tauntings, they called to their ally, the
winter,

From the far mountains it came in seething black col-
umn,

Circling, enclosing us, vain were our efforts for freedom.
Then in the turmoil of battle, safe from the arrow,
Shouted Wabana, the renegade: 'Where is Nocuma?
Where is the warrior who stood on the Bridge of the
Nations?'

Boastful Wabana, envying the triumph of others,
Waited the battle that kinsmen might fall by his arrow."

Answered the Chieftain: "Ill is the war of aggression,
Well is the war if the foemen will enter our passes;
Let signals awake on the mountains if strangers are
near us,
Let songs of the Nations resound if safe are my people;

We are as sparks of a fire, behold them arising,
Fading we see them till lost in the gloom of the darkness;
Gone they are ever, but others the journey beginning,
Follow their footsteps, till slumber the embers in coldness.
If the soft breath of the zephyr will guide them, they quickly
Glide o'er the mountains where nestle the hues of the twilight;
But if the storm wind abides in their path, we behold them
Whirled through the passes, and scattered at random in darkness.
Thus are we always, the youth who is free and contented
Quickly is wafted where age is with dimness abiding;
Happy is he who is feeling kind winds on his journey,
Hapless is he who is borne on the wings of the tempest.
Be we united, this is our dwelling place ever,
Foemen are broken, and strangers shall guard all our passes."

"It has been spoken, that as the bright flower moon
gliding
Over the mountain Ikama, looks down on the waters,
It is the sign the Great Spirit has given his people,
That they do homage by dancing the dance of the spirit;
Then the caneams shall glide by the banks of the river,
Gaily the Nations will go to the plains by the ocean;
Where the Necanicum flows by the waving tide grasses,
Meet we in union and feast at the potlatch of Red Men,
Knowing the Nations are brothers ever, forever."

Then at the circle the women and children were gathered,
While the glad song and the story were heard, as the
pine logs
Cast up the sparks to the tree tops to gladden the Nations.

II.

Gaily Atama related the legend of fire:

“Fire was unknown to the Red Men, and winter was
sadness,

But the Coyote, a creature above us in wisdom,
Said to the people, ‘Fire for the lodge I will bring you.’

Crafty Coyote, aware in a cave on Tahoma
All of the fire on the Earth was guarded by demons,
Gathered together the birds and the beasts, and placed
them

High on the summits between the great mountain and
river.

Near the dread cavern he hid, and looked on the demons
Tearing their armfuls of bark from the trees of the
mountain,

Taking huge bundles to throw on the fire in the cavern.
Pondering and waiting, he crawled in a pile, and was
carried

Through the low entrance where crackled the flames of
the furnace.”

“Forward and backward the demons walked in the
cavern,

Growled as if panthers feasting on blood of a victim,
Cast on the fire the bark to replenish the embers;

Then in their midst the Coyote sprang, and the demons
Roared on beholding him daring their wrath and their
vengeance.

Fiercely they shouted: 'Who are you, mortal, who dare
us?'

Said the Coyote: 'Who are you? Flee from my presence.'

"Then a huge demon told of his greatness and prowess,
How, ere the Earth was created, he dwelt in the vapors,
Fed the bright fire with his breath, and when the huge
mountains

Rose up before him, he cast in the bark for the burning.
High in the heavens darted the flames from the furnace,
Terrified, shrieking, the mortals were fleeing for safety;
Then that the mortal might never gain wisdom and
knowledge.

He, the great demon, walled up the furnace forever."

"When he had finished, the wily Coyote did answer:
'Before the first vapor was formed, or heavens created,
Before the first star, or the bright sun was burning, I only
Dwelt in my cavern of air, and looked on you forming
Like a small seed in the ground, to awake at the spring-
time.

I, the Coyote, have knowledge and wisdom beyond you,
I, the Coyote, can tell of the ages before you."

"Then he sat down and told of the battles of ages,
Told of his cavern of air, and the fiery star warriors;
Gestured and talked, until all of the demons were
sleeping,

Save, the great creature who nodded and dozed by the

embers.

Quickly the wily Coyote, talking, sprang forward,
Grasped a great ember and darted away from the cavern.
Wakened the demons, they roared in their anger, and
followed
Down the high mountain to rescue the brand which
was stolen."

"Then the Coyote gave unto the bat the great ember,
Swiftly the bat flew away from the demons pursuing,
Burned off its feathers forever, and fell on a summit,
Giving the fire to a squirrel which ran with the treasure.
Nearer the demons were coming, the squirrel's tail
scorching,
Curved on its back, and the owl, knowing the danger,
Took up the brand and flew down the side of the
mountain.
Such was the might of its wings, that the fire brightly
burning,
Flared in its eyes, and blinded it ever at daylight;
Downward it fell to the ground, and the bear rushing
forward,
Caught up the fire as the demons were closing upon it."

"Grasping the bear by the tail, the vengeful pursuers
Held to their own, though the great claws scattered the
boulders;
But the Coyote knew the result of the trial,
Dashed in the circle and bit off the tail of his ally;
Tailless the bear must be always, but down a deep can-
yon
He in a tree hid the fire where the Red Men can find it,
Find it by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together.

Roused by the struggle, the Thunder Bird thought it a
challenge,
Soared o'er the mountains, and shot at the foemen his
arrows.
Some of the arrows fell down on the rocks, and we find
them
Wakened from slumber, to flash as we strike them to-
gether."

III.

Then did Atama relate of the death of the Matlose:
" Ere the great Bridge of the Nations was builded, the
Inland
Slumbered for ages beneath a smooth mantle of water;
Only the mountains, like islands arose on the surface,
Hearing the rumble when breathed on the water the
Matlose.
All of the Red Men were babies in knowledge and wis-
dom,
But the Coyote was wise as the warriors above us
Roaming the plains of the skies in star burning armor.
Never the Red Men were safe at the lake of the Inland,
Ever the Matlose was lurking to seize and devour them;
But the Coyote said: ' Brothers, I battle to-morrow,
Ever, forever this lake shall be free for your roaming.'"

" He from a cedar tree made a caneam by burning,
Carved a strong paddle of yew wood, and then from a
maple
Shaping a spear, he barbed it with flint, and his chal-
lenge
Sounded the taunt to the foeman to come and behold him.

Rose the dread Matlose lashing the waters around him,
In his caneam Coyote whirled on the waters;
Eager for battle, the Matlose charged at his foeman,
But the Coyote darted away unto safety.
Soon the caneam between two rock islands was speeding,
Followed the monster, and wedged itself fast at the entrance."

"Rang the loud war song: 'I, the Coyote, am victor,
Now is my foemen held by the gate of the islands!
Feast in your rapture, O spear bard! Drink, O you
waters!
Soon you are red with the blood of my foemen to perish,'
Downward the great spear was driven, and rumbled the
monster,
Seethed the mad waters, the Matlose was battling in
frenzy,
Till the rock islands were riven asunder, and quickly
Must the Coyote flee on the lake unto safety.
Crafty, he knew of the river which came from the In-
land,
Sought the rock entrance, and drove his caneam across it.
Followed the Matlose, and walls of the river enclosed
him;
Then the Coyote sang of his prowess and triumph."

"Quickly the mountains were parted, the caneam was
broken,
From the great rocks the Coyote strove with his foeman;
Feasted the spear, and the waters were drunk unto
madness,
Ere from the river the Matlose moaned his expiring.
'I am to die, but I am to live on forever,

Where there is water, at times I will rise and behold you;
I, as a fog will make blind the caneams forever,
I, in my tomb will make angry the waters upon me.'
Then his death struggle rolled over the mountains upon
him,
Forming the dalles where the Oregon plunges through
gorges."

IV.

Then did Atama relate of the death of Coyote:
"When the Coyote had conquered the Matlose, and
given
All of the Red Men the knowledge of fire and of weap-
ons,
Taught them to burn out a cedar tree, cutting and
shaping,
Till a caneam rode like a swan on the river;
Taught them to build the great lodge room, and wig-
wams for shelter,
Said he: 'On Earth there is nothing to equal my prow-
ess,
I in the heavens will seek for the peer of my glory.'
Proudly he shouted: 'Where is the one to defy me?
Rivers, mountains, heavens, behold me your chieftain!'
Hearing the challenge, a bear in the heavens above him
Growled a fierce answer: 'I am your equal in prowess!'
Then the Coyote took up his bow of the yew wood,
Shot a keen arrow straight at the moon in the heavens;
Skilled was the archer, and deeply the arrow was buried,
Hanging shaft downward, awaiting the one which would
follow."

“ Arrow on arrow did follow, each barb was imbedded
Firm in the nock of the other, until a chain hanging,
Formed by the arrows, reached downward to Earth from
the heavens.

Then the Coyote climbed up by the chain to the battle,
Fierce was the fight, but the club of the bear won the
triumph;

Fell the Coyote, for ten waning moons he was falling,
Here by the bank of the river the vanquished was buried;
Here the Great Spirit placed o'er him the rock he has
figured,

He is a Manitou worthy our homage forever.”

“There is his tomb in the features and head dress of war-
riors,

There by the bank of the river it looks on the ages.”
Still was the prophet, the people who looked on the
image,

Saw the lone Indian Head carved on the rock by the
river.

Over the mountains the hunters were trailing, and echoes
Answered the songs of the women weaving the rushes;
Then was Nocuma repeating: “ My people are happy,
Roaming the mountains where summer is casting a
gladness;

They are like children, forgetting the moments of dark-
ness

If a fair morning appearing gives promise of pastime;
Thoughtless of times which are coming, regarding the
pathway

Only as flowers or thorns are growing upon it.”

V.

Over the highlands, and unto the evergreen mountains,
Wandered Nocuma and listened to songs of the forest,
Hearing the cascades rejoicing, and rumble of torrents
Winding among the deep gorges unto the river.

From the bleak ledges he looked on the pool of the
Spirit,

Saw the dark waters bubbling and foaming unceasing;
Clambering over the boulders, he saw the Wan Spirit
Standing upon the mad water. Said the fell guardian,
"In the far Eastland is roaming a people in numbers
Like to the bison swarming the prairies of camas;
They are revengeful forever, war is between you,
Sown by the strife which awakened these waters to
anger.

Here are your weapons, the bow and the arrows and
quiver,

Here the keen tomahawk rises to whirl on its mission,
Here are the robes which will brave the heart of the
warrior."

Then the Wan Spirit enrobed him with furs of the
cougar,

Plumes of the eagle, his head dress, waved in the sun-
light;

Brightly his moccasins shone with the shells of the ocean,
Bracelets adored him, his forehead was painted vermil-
ion.

Noble his being was, proud was the mortal that hour,
Robed like the hunters who trail the fair valleys of
Tamath.

Said the Wan Spirit: "Go to the haunts of your people,

Tell them prepare for the conflict which gives them the
triumph,
Or the green mountains and meadows are desolate ever.”
Thrilled was Nocuma, and thoughts of his prowess and
glory
Roused him to deeds which might dazzle the eyes of
his warriors;
But as the moonlight arose on the cliffs by the river,
Came to his memory words of the gentle Owawee.
Changed was his being, and turned were his steps from
his people,
For he was bearing a message of peace to the foemen.

Fair was the night as the moonlight shone on the river,
Fair was the hour to the prophet who sang on the waters,
For the weird chant of Atama awakened the echoes
On the bleak cliff where Nocuma was waiting to meet
him.

Up the great river came a canoe, the paddle
Dipping in rhythm to the wild song of the prophet,
Till by the bank the canoe paused for the Chieftain,
Bearing him over the eddies unto the Eastland.

Where the swift Oregon enters the palisade gorges,
Memaloose island divides the wild current, and safely
Holds in its bosom the bones of the chieftains departed
During the time that the Nations abode by the river.
On that bleak island Nocuma awaited the evening,
Waited Atama's conjuring to bring the great magic
Guiding their footsteps in safety, and foiling the foemen.
Madly Atama chanted the song of the prophet,
Whirled in the dance of the spirit, the Chieftain ex-
pectant,

Feeling the magic come over him from the mad dancer;
Then at the morning, on the wide river embarking,
They at the evening stood on the plains of the Eastland;
Then while Atama remained at the river, the Chieftain
Boldly, yet lonely, passed to the land of his foemen.

Near him at sunrise the antelope raced on the hillsides,
Herds of the deer and the elk were in canyons around
him;
Over him clouds of the curlews and sage hens were
flying,
Driven to wing by pursuit of the wary coyotes.
Then where a river meandered through willow clad
valleys,
Through the blue haze of the canyon he looked on the
village.
Cried he: "My foemen, fair is your dwelling place
always,
I will await you, will tell you the Red Men are brothers,
That the Great Spirit is calling us, saying:—my children."

By the gray banks of the river he passed to the village,
Unto the lodge room, the council smoke circling above
him,
Told that the warriors assembled were planning the
future.
Boldly advancing, he said: "Chieftains, I greet you:
Friendship is like a pure stream that ripples the meadow,
Fair are the grasses which drink it, and flowers are
brighter,
As it is rippling, and saying, refresh you, my children.
Warfare, a blast of the winter, shrieks in its anger,

And the lament of the Red Men its echo is ever.
In a fair valley a cedar and pine tree are growing,
By them a river is flowing, knowing but sunshine;
They hear the voice of a zephyr which softly is singing,
Prosper, my chosen, for well is the hour of your being.
Then they in answer are saying: 'The springtime is
pleasant,
Leave the bleak prairies and drink of the waters of
friendship.'

But as the storm of the winter approaches, the pine tree
Shouts to the cedar: 'Feel the dire sweep of my branches.
Cold is the river, no more it is rippling with gladness,
Sere is the meadow and dead are the flowers upon it;
Then in their anger the pine tree and cedar are meeting,
They fall together, and low on the ground they are lying.
Only the mocking of laughter resounds in the valley,
Or the faint moan of the branches, that broken, are
meeting.'

"Tribes of the Eastland, you are the pine tree I speak of,
We are the cedar, the Nations that dwell with the
sunset;

Let the pure waters of friendship flow ever between us,
Drink of it freely, that we may be brothers united."
Ceased had Nocuma, a chief of the foemen, arising,
Said, "Noble stranger, the answer is given to-morrow."

From the assembly he passed to the heart of the village,
Unto the tepee awaiting to welcome the stranger;
Then from the cares and the toiling he rested, till
evening
Lighted the fires on the mountains, the watch of the

sentries.

Came the long morrow, but not the one answer expected,
Came the pale evening, its shadows to cast on the
Eastland;
Morning returning left him awaiting the answer,
Knowing that false was the promise, and faithless the
strangers.

VI.

Ill as the hour was appearing, a light at the doorway
Seemed like a stargleam rifting the cloud of the morrow,
For a fair maiden made him a couch of the pine grass,
Wreathed the wild flowers to brighten the walls of the
wigwam;
Daintily placing the food for the warrior before him,
Waiting beside him, she was the light of that moment.
Like the bright morning tinting the hillsides with roses,
Like to Naola, his guide in the Land of the Twilight,
Was her fair presence to him in that moment of trial.
Said he: "Fair maiden, tell me a tale of the wildwood."

Gently she answered: "Last evening I strayed on the
meadow,
Watching the fire-flies flitting in merry profusion,
When by the river a voice with strange sweetness was
calling,
Saying: 'My sister, come hither, a word I will tell you.'
Quickly I ran to the bank, and saw the bright moon-
beams
Playing upon the smooth surface, sparkling around me;

Yet, there was no one to greet me, save, silence unbroken,
en,

Or the low ripple coming from willows there clustered.
Then from above me again was my name softly spoken.
Looking around me, nothing I saw but the shadows,
Looking above me, nothing I saw but the moonlight.
Strange was the omen, I knew not the saying, but
hastened

Home where the firelight lulled all my fears, until
slumber

Bore me away to the ever weird valleys of dreamland."

"There I was hearing the voice of the evening, before
me

Stood a young woman, reaching towards me and saying,
'Nona, my sister, follow my steps on the meadow.'

Passed we together upon the lone meadow, the pathway
Glittered with dewdrops, footprints of starlight above us
Guiding us onward unto the falling white waters.

Then my companion was saying: 'Roaming around us
Is a fierce people, and with them a chieftain imprisoned;
They seek to slay him, and it is your portion save him.
See on the meadow the glistening path of the moon-
beams,

There are the footprints of duty, till love, with its
splendor

Brightens the pathway unto the home of the strangers.'
As she was speaking, the warriors I saw there assembled,
Heard the dread sound of the war cry, and wakened in
terror.

This is the tale of the wildwood told you by Nona,
Nona, the child of the chieftain over the Eastland."

Listened Nocuma, and when she had ended, he answered:

“Nona, my princess, fearless my heart is within me.
Once to a region of darkness I came on a mission,
Yet a young woman was waiting to lead me, her being
Seemed a bright star which was rifling the vapors before
me;
Red were her cheeks, like the roses blooming on meadows,
Dark were her eyes and the beauty of dew drops was
in them;
She was the lovely Naola, and she is before me.”

When the blue haze of the evening mantled the valley,
Nona looked over the stream on the warriors in council;
Quickly she passed to the wigwam to tell of the danger,
Leave all her people, the home of her childhood, and
hasten

Whither she knew not, yet freely, for he was to follow.
By the dark lines of the tepees they passed in the darkness,

Passed to the river, where smoke of a fire in the willows
Told that the tribes of the Eastland were meeting in
council.

Pausing, the Chieftain looked downward upon the assembly,

Hearing the words of the foemen planning the battle.
Roused was his anger, he said unto Nona, “Await me,
At their own home shall your kinsmen hear my defiance.”

Down through the clusters of willows he strode to their presence,

Crossed in the circle, and uttered: "Foemen, I greet you.

Unto your village I came as a messenger only,
Seeking our welfare, that Red Men be ever as brothers.
Tribes of the Eastland, never the fawn of the meadow
Finds in the wolf of the forest a friend or companion;
Nor will the prairie lark sing to his mate at the morning,
If the fierce hawk hovers o'er her to crush with its talons.

But the fawn never is timidly roaming the Westland,
Nor is the prairie lark fearing the stroke of the talons;
It is the home of the cougar—I am their chieftain,
I am Nocuma, and fair is the hour of our meeting."
Then he was silent—spake not the warriors assembled,
Like their grim war chief, they were unmoved by the taunting.

Slowly Nocuma passed from the circle, and left them,
Leaving the plains of the Eastland forever and gladly.
Meeting fair Nona awaiting, gently he questioned,
"Is the bleak canyon more dear than the couch in the wigwam?

Will the cold heavens bring comfort like robes of the bison?"

Softly she answered: "The hour of my childhood has left me,

Gone are the days with my kinsmen, now and forever;
Brothers, if foes to Nocuma, to me shall be strangers.
Though the dark clouds may come o'er me, you are my sunlight,

Rifting the shadows and lighting the future with brightness;

Though all around me the blossoms of gladness are

smiling,
They are made fairer, as o'er them I go to your calling."

Listened Nocuma unto the words of the maiden,
Fondly to answer : " Though long is the journey before me,
You are my princess, and never our pathways shall sever."

Then they together crossed the defiles of the mountains,
Reached the caneam safe from the vengeance of foemen,
And with Atama passed to the home of the Nations.

VII.

Springtime had brought to the Red Men the feast of
the salmon,
For the mad Oregon rolling in cateracts rumbling,
Mingled its foam with the silvery swarms in the water;
Youths in the streams were wading to capture the fishes,
Spearmen were throwing their spears in the eddies and
ripples,
When the return of the Chieftain was hailed with rejoicing.
All of the Nations collected to welcome Nocuma,
And in the evening to listen to tales of Atama.
Brightly the firelight blazed in the grove by the river,
Calling the people together to gladden the hour.

Then did Atama, the prophet, relate this adventure:
" When the pale rays of the twilight were fading in
darkness,
Deep in the forest I sought for my totem of power;

Stood a strange warrior before me, saying: 'Atama,
Come to the haunt of the mists of the evergreen wild-
wood.'

Where the great forest trees opened like windows we
wandered,

By us a vapor like silver was drifting, above us
Was a star cluster romping and dancing with gladness.
Said my companion: 'They are the happy star people,
They are like chieftains and warriors and children
around us,

There are young women as fair as wild prairie flowers.'"
"Once in these forests a hunter trailed the lone panther,
Hunted the deer, and trapped in the rivers the beaver;
Often the twang of the bowstring told of the triumph,
Often the whirl of the spear awakened the paean.
Prouder each day was the hunter, and greater his
treasure,

From the dark roof poles was hanging the wealth of
the forest;

Boldly he shouted: 'No more I will wander the valley,
But in the heavens above me will seek for my treasure;
There the bright hills of the vapors shall echo my
prowess.'

"Over moraines and the snows of the mountain Udona,
Toiling, at last he stood on the glistening ledges,
Reached the white dome and saw the cloud mountains
below him.

Seeing the silver paved road through the heavens, he
rested,

Longing to speed the keen arrow, and chant of his
prowess.

Then all the heavens were filled with a myriad of fire-

flies
Coming towards him, and changing, for soon were appearing
Forms as if human, though robed in the veillings of
splendor.
Chieftains and warriors, hunters and women around him
Glided and danced in the maze of the harvest moon
dancers.
Raptured he looked on the starry procession above him,
Till on the silver paved pathway came a young woman,
Queenly in beauty, and changed was the hunter forever.
He said: 'My princess, reach me your hand and receive me,
That we together may wander the regions beyond me,
Roam the bright pathway which arches the vales of the
Westland.'
Deigning no answer, she passed by the purple cloud
mountains,
And the lorn hunter returned to the mists of the valley."

"Day after day he climbed up the mountain with longing
That the fair star would await him upon the far summit;
Though she glanced downward, and smiled a sweet
answer, she ever
Wantonly, merrily passing, left him forsaken.
Well was the hour, if faltered his footsteps one evening,
Better if faithless, than true to the maid of the heavens,
For he beheld her descending in radiant beauty,
Smiling more sweetly, and saying: 'Your prowess has
won me.'"

'Touching the hand then extended, he felt the soft
presses,

Over the mountains of purple, the heavens of azure,
Roamed he delighted, a hunter no longer, a lover
Of the bright stargleam nestling more closely beside him.
Loud was the chanting of triumph, and soft was the
 answer,
But glancing downward, he saw that the Earth was
 receding;
Light was her step on the pathway, came the dread
 whirling,
Lost was his grasp, and down with the speed of an arrow
Fell the lorn hunter, till lifeless he lay on the meadow."

"As my companion was speaking, I saw the star cluster
Mirthfully roaming among the high tops of the pine
 trees,
When a fierce eagle darted towards it, and seizing
One of the stars, it hastened away through the forest.
Seeing the stars, as if vengeful, in council assembled,
Casting mad glances towards me, said my companion,
'Go where the eagle is wooing the stargleam forsaken.'
Through the dense forest I hurried, and sought the
 fierce eagle
Holding the star in its talons, yet, nearing, I listened
Unto the plea of a lover, and maiden's soft answer;
He, the bold lover, the eagle, and she, the fair stargleam.
Then as I listened, gently the maiden was saying,
'As are my people your foemen, to me they are strangers.
Fondly he answered: 'The light of your eyes is my
 guidance.'

Through the lone wildness I saw them straying together,

Heedless of else than each other—I left them, and find
them,

For the bright star now is lighting the Nations with
gladness.”

Joyous, the people did answer: “Nocuma, the eagle,
Brings to his wigwam the star of the evening, and ever
Hail we our Chieftain, and welcome the one he has
chosen.”

PART FOURTH.

Quickly the days of the springtime were passing, the
blossoms

Covered the meadows, and clustered on hillsides and
ledges;

Merrily songs of the hunters awakened at morning,
Mirthfully listened the children to tales by the firelight.
Thus was the springtime, but all of the people one
evening

Saw on the mountain Ikama the flower moon resting,
Ere it passed on its fair journey over the heavens.
It was the signal to dance the weird dance of the spirit,
It was the token that Manitou dwelt in their presence;
Then from the cliffs the beacon fires answered the signal,
Soon on the river were sweeping the lines of caneams.
Gaily the paddles were dipping, and echoes were sound-
ing,
As the great cliffsides repeated the shouts of the boat-
men.

By the white waters pouring from ledges and canyons,
By the tall lines of the cottonwoods, rivers and islands,
They on the Oregon passed to the Wappato island.
Rose up in grandeur Ikama, Udona, Tahomah,
Northward and southward snow covered mountains
were standing

Sentries forever guarding the haunts of the Red Men.
Uttered the Chieftain: "Life giving bosoms of nature,

From your white summits streams to refreshen are flow-
ing,
Graciously flowing, and strowing a wealth with pro-
fuseness;
Like the fair breast of a mother to us you are ever,
Bidding us dwell where are always the waters of plenty."

Down the wide river glided the lines of canreams,
Unto the plains where the waters entered the ocean;
Over the plains they followed the trails, and collected
Where the Necanicum ripples away from the mountains.
Feasting and pastime followed the steps of the people,
Pleasure awaited the children straying the sea shore;
From the high cliffs the hunters looked on the billows,
Followed the elk, and fished in the streams in the forest.
High were the clams shells piled as result of the pot-
latch,
Gentle Necanicum gave up its treasures of shell fish,
Ere the bright flower moon waxed until full, and the Na-
tions
Circled the fire of driftwood and waited the dancing.

On the sand dunes by the ocean Nocuma and Nona
Happily wandered, dwelling alone in the present;
Soft was her voice, like the murmuring brooks of the
mountain,
Mirthful her stories were, rippling like streams on the
pebbles;
Then she related the tale of the seven-star cluster.

"Once had her people voyaged the wide ocean waters,
When it o'ercovered the Westland, the home of the
Nations;

Bold were her people, and often the king of the Walrus
Heard the dread challenge and fled to the depths for
protection;

Yet, one defiant, did answer: 'Your presence I fear not,
Dare you, my foemen, meet me in trial of battle?'

Quickly seven brothers, undaunted, sons of a chieftain,
Manned a caneam, and swept to the trial of prowess.

Sped a keen arrow, it clove the strong side of the Walrus,
Followed the spear, and the cedar cord rushed from its
coiling;

Strong was the cord of the cedar bark, firmly the spear
barb

Held in the side of the Walrus struggling for freedom;
Then the great billows around them told of the battle,
Clouds of dark vapors rolled from the scene of the
conflict;

Unto the sea shore the taunts and the shouts of defiance
Came like the voice of a mountain trembling with an-
ger."

"Often the king of the Walrus felt the keen arrow,
Often my kinsmen knew the deep wounds from his
weapons;

Yet, he was tiring—he shouted: 'Away to the whirlpool!
Dare you there meet me in combat?' Over the billows,
Swept the mad foemen like a dread storm of the winter;
Down in the whirlpool the king of the Walrus was
hidden,

Vainly my kinsmen strove with the might of the foeman:
Harder the cord of the cedar bark strained in the water,
Firmly the Walrus held it between his great tusches;
Down the caneam was sinking, and then from the
heavens

Flashed a bright light, and the cord in the billows was parted.

Up in the heavens caneam and warriors were carried,
Upward and upward, until with the stars they were resting.

There we may see them, seven is their number, and ever
Pale from the struggle, downward they look on the ocean.

There the caneam always is floating beside them."
Upward they looked and Nocuma beheld the star cluster,
And the caneam shown by the stargleams beside it.

Then she related how ever the moon lost its splendor.
"Once the fair moon in the heavens was bright as the day sun,

Robbing the night with the noonday, passing above us,
Trailing the sun of the day on the Bridge of the Heavens;
But a young woman, the queen of a people before us,
Loved the bright sun of the night, and sang of his prowess,

Followed his path as he passed to his home in the cavern.
Over the mountains beyond her appeared the sun gardens,

Mantled with hues of the evening, as he unto slumber
Entered his palace of cloud to rest till the morning.
Eagerly seeking his footprints, crossing the mountains,
Down in the valley of sunlight she wandered, and waited
Till the bright sun of the night time, shining above her,
Came to his gate and entered the temple of slumber;
There at the gate was a bear as large as a mountain,
Sleepless, he ceaselessly guarded the shining sun garden;
Could she defy him? Madly he growled at her presence,
Fled the young woman, and hid in a cave of the forest."

"Night after night, as she looked through the branches
above her,

Seeing the sun of her love, she beat on her bosom,
Wept till her tears were like drops from a rivulet falling.
Then the Coyote, the friend of the Red Men, beheld her,
Loved her and swore by magic all potent to aid her.
Unto the gate where the bear was as vigilant ever,
Passing, they stood at the entrance and heard his deep
growling,

Heard his defiance, as silent, they looked in the garden.
Then the Coyote capered around the great entrance,
Dancing and wheeling, tumbling in mighty contortions,
Till the dread bear in astonishment looked on the dancer,
Laughed in his glee, and left the wide entrance un-
guarded.

Softly the woman slipped by the guard, and in safety
Entered the lodge where the night sun, robed in his
mantle,
Snored like the billows breaking on rocks by the ocean."

"Sadly she sang of her love, fatigue, and her trials,
Sweetly her voice was arising, the night sun, awakened,
Listened, and loved her—loved the fair queen of the
valley;

Yet, he with firmness did answer: 'None can behold me,
Save, the wide heavens may part us, my brightness
would slay you.'

"Day after day the young woman awaited his coming,
Night after night the fair one slept on his bosom;
'Only to look in the eyes of my loved one!' she uttered;
But the bright lover must answer: 'Look not, I beseech
you,

I at the portal will robe in my mantle and meet you.'
Woman is woman, and she importuning him often,
Yielding at last, he answered: 'Only in water
You in the shape of a frog can look on my visage,
Only with water between us, you look and shall die not.'
Changed to a frog, she sprang with a splash in the water
Rippling within the fair garden, and he, in his splendor
Stood on the bank and awaited the praise of his loved
one.

Then a great crane in the garden, hunting, beheld her,
Rushed to devour her, she in her terror sprang upward.
Fright was the aid of agility, for the fair loved one
Sprang in the face of the night sun, there by his bright-
ness

Fastened and scorching, she dried, and is ever before
him.

There we behold her; the lover, disfigured, shall ever
Wander the heavens at night diminished in glory."

II.

By the bright fire of driftwood the people assembled,
Waiting the hour of the flower moon's gentle approach-
ing.

Hushed was the lisp of the children, still were the
women,

Aa the bright flower moon looked from the tree tops
above them;

Then in the circle Atama, the wielder of magic,
Dressed in the tobet and furs of the wolf and the otter,
Rattled his fetich and tingled the bells with the dancing.
He, the strong medicine, he the great prophet, Atama,
Round the great fire of driftwood, like a fell demon,

Chanting and dancing, reeled in a desperate frenzy.
Silent, the warriors crouched in the circle around him,
Till they were feeling the glow of the evil eye on them;
Then they arose and followed the steps of Atama,
Swaying and chanting, worked to a madness, a frenzy,
By the weird dance of the spirit, the soul of the moon-
light.

Quicker and louder sounded the raps on the tam boards,
Fiercer the people chanted the monotone paeans,
Fast was the dance of the warriors led by Atama,
Till the bright flower moon journeying over the waters
Saw a few dancers withstanding the test and the trial;
Then on the bosom of ocean at rest, it was hearing
Chants of the victors echoing over the billows.

"Hail, fairest Spirit! Gladly we follow your footsteps!
Life of the night time, well is the hour of your presence!
We are your children, we only, and known is our
prowess."

Shouted a warrior: "Women are dancers, the victor
Strives in the battle, drinks the warm blood of his foe-
man;

Here is the signal, strike boldly, and ask for no respite."
Stilled were the paeans, arose a low moan for an answer,
For on the sward there was lying a kinsman, a brother,
Slain by an arrow which flashed from the bow of a
dancer.

Then, as a spark might illumine the heavens with anger,
Did the one flash of that arrow envelope the Nations
In a dire struggle, foretelling a bleak desolation.

Fearless Nocuma, braving the wrath of the weapons,

Rushed in the circle and shouted: "My people, behold me!

Cease from the warring, cease, the Great Spirit is angry."

Vain were the words, arose on the clamor the war cry,
Sped the keen arrow, followed the tomahawk quickly;
Death was the portion awaiting the tribes of the Red
Men,

Death, ere the flower moon looked on the field of the
battle.

Sadly, but sternly came from a cloud on the mountains,
Words like the rolling of thunder distant and nearing.
Trembled the warriors, within the deep rumble resounded

"Children, the hour is before you—the Father is angry.
You are one nation no longer, war to the uttermost
Rends you asunder, giving your homes to a people
Nobler and grander—they are my children forever."

Gone were the thoughts of the warfare and longing for
vengeance,

Gone were delights of the potlatch and dance of the
spirit,

For as the remnant was scattered on mountain and river,
Well they were knowing was passing the hour of their
being.

Brave were the warriors Nocuma collected together,
They were the Nations, and faithful Atama was with
them;

Then on the river the Chieftain, with Nona beside him,
Passed with his people again unto Wappato island.

On the swift Oregon unto the palisade gorges,

By the white waterfalls unto the cateracts rumbling,
Sped the caneams once more to the dip of the paddles;
Then, as Nocuma beheld the great Bridge of the Nations
Firm in its grandeur, and binding the gorges together,
Well he remembered the words the Great Spirit had
spoken,
Choosing him Chieftain over the tribes of the Westland.

Then his voice rising was wafted o'er river and valley,
Never to die, for the answer is echoing always:
"Grand is our dwelling place—see the white sentinels
standing,
Hear the sweet voices of waters singing forever;
Cedars and pine trees, chant the long years of your
greatness,
Gorges and cliffsides, sing of your ages of glory.
Though we must leave you, ever the winds of the morn-
ing
Sigh to the forest a requiem for the departed;
Though we must leave you, always the hues of the
twilight
Whisper—remember the people who once were among
you,
They were your children, they only—no more you are
happy."

' Neath the great arch the caneams glided, and sadly
Came the low hoot of the owl, an omen of evil;
Then on the cliffs by the river the signal fires burning,
Glinted the water—the foes of the Eastland were near
them.

Brave was the Chieftain that moment, ready for battle,
Bold were the warriors awaiting the signal of combat.

Uttered Atama: "I am a prophet no longer,
I am a warrior—there are my kinsmen abiding."
Down in the torrent he pointed, Nocuma beheld him,
Saying: "Atama, you are the war chief beside me."
Soon on the ledges among the wild vines they were
climbing,
Hearing the rumble of waters rushing beneath them.
Upward they passed to the arch and stood on the apex,
There in the silence to plan the defense of the morrow;
But the dim shadows of foemen were nearing, and
quickly
Was a fierce battle to rage on the Bridge of the Nations.

Whispered Atama, "There is the crafty Wabana,
There is the renegade—dark is the pool of the Spirit."
Thrilled by his ardor for battle, he rushed to the combat
Chanting his song of defiance: "Ikama, behold me!
Wait, O ye strangers! See the mad waters beneath you!
Hear the deep rumblings—soon is your portion among
them."

Hurried the Chieftain to strengthen the arm of Atama,
Came a wild cry, and he looked on the river beneath
him,
Hearing the splash of the water which covered Wabana.
Quickly the warriors came to the battle, and morning
Woke with the chant of defiance, and song of the arrow.

Fierce was the conflict on the great Bridge of the Nations,
Bravely the Chieftain strove for the weal of his people;
But like the pine grass feeling the blast of the winter,
Faded the Nations, knowing the curse which was spoken;

Then the Great Spirit looked down from the mountain
Ikama,
Saw them forsaken, and called them but children un-
guarded;
Seeing Nocuma still faithful, he uttered with kindness:
"You I have chosen, for you I will grant them a respite."
Peace was among them, the years were as summer un-
ending,
Firm in its grandeur stood the great Bridge of the Na-
tions;
And in the respite Nocuma and Nona were happy,
Waiting the voice which would call them to far away
Tamath.

CONCLUSION.

Oft I have strayed on the banks of the mighty Columbia,
Roamed on its heights, and climbed the great cliffs of
its gorges,
Wandered from childhood till manhood, in summer and
winter,
Like the lone Indian, over the trails of the forest.
Where the great river foams at the Cascades forever,
Speaks an old legend, once was a natural passway
Binding the gorges and arching the river beneath it.
There is a pyramid standing, four sided and stately,
Time there has written the tale of the ages before us;
Yet, as I looked on the column, my fancy did tell me
There the Great Spirit had placed it. there with his
fingers,
Written this only—Nocuma and Nona here sleepeth.
From the mad swirl of the water are boulders arising,

They were the columns supporting the Bridge of the
Nations;
And as they crumble and drift to the ocean beyond them,
So are the Red Men passing away to their portion.
Now are the evergreen trees a requiem sighing,
Now is the moan of the waters an echo, for truly
Gone are their brothers, their friends now are sleeping
beneath them;
They who come after are heartless, though nobler and
grander.

Hundred and ten are the years of an Indian dwelling
Where the Necanicum ripples away from the mountains;
Once where the heights of Necarney rise from the ocean
Lone I beheld him chanting the song of the prophet.
Now in my ears its weirdness is sounding, and ever
I in my fancy think it the song of Atama:
"Gone are my people, and lost are the trails on the
mountains,
Gone are the beaver, the haunt of the deer is forgotten.
Sadly the waters are wearing the chains of the strangers,
Ever the mountains are silent, their souls have departed.
Lone I am waiting, hear me, Great Spirit, and take me
Take me away, away to the regions of Tamath—
I am the last of my people—take me, Great Spirit."

SATIRES.

THE SPIRITS' CONCERT.

At the dark noon hour of a sullen day
Which lowered around a sterile promontory,
I gazed upon the deep, and saw a storm
Wheel by the cliffs its cohorts of the cloud.
From ledge to ledge beneath me wound a path,
And down I hurried, ere the heedless blast
Would smite the precipice on which I stood.
Lo! came a flash, the thunder's roll
Reverberated on the gloomy walls,
And vapors by the lash in frenzy rushed
To hide the cliffs in strife. The birds in fear
Whirred in the blinding light, and reptiles hissed
With awe. I fled within a cavern's mouth,
And streams of fire from skies illumined surged
To light my footsteps on. Soon stilled the roar,
The echoes stilled, and darkness hid my path,
Until a stellar light did penetrate

The canopy of night. Before me flowed
A stream of black which glittered as it flowed,
And from the other side arose a rock
Hewn by the hands of men. In muttering sleep
A man was there enchained by heavy chains
Unto the rock, his dwelling and his couch.
And as a murmur on the water flowed
Upon the cavern's air, I heard the moans
Which mingled with the sound, and saw his brow
Pale in a dream of hopeless agony.
Yet, as I gazed, a sweetest song arose,
And forms of women o'er the stream did march
To where he slept enchained; and there, unseen,
I listened to the concert in the cave.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Maniac, with pallid brow,
Wake, O waken from thy dream !
Tempest clouds are lowering now
On the shoreless stream.
Time has written many pages
On the cliffsides of the ages;
Waken, sleeper ! read the scroll,
Ceaseless billows on it roll.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Maniac in bands of gold,
Slumbering in thy cavern drear,
Soon the darkness weaves a fold,
Soon the lightnings sere.
Break the chains which now environ,

Bindings other than of iron;
Anarch comes—his haughty mien
Monarchy can never screen.

CHORUS.

Fair Atlantis, now the hour
Bids the tempest vapors lower;
Discontent, a mighty wave,
Rolls against thy prison cave,
Rolls and echoes in thy hall—
Shall a nation rise, or fall?
Will a storm wind o'er the sea
Guide the ship of Monarchy?
Valley Forge and Bunker Hill
Sleep within their caverns still—
Sleeping while a wary foe
Digs the grave of Alamo.

From a far off shore did flee,
Hastening from the tempest's moan
Like a bird upon the sea,
Those who longed for Freedom's home.
Like a wolf in search of prey,
Came the foe to rend and slay;
Men did die, and women weep,
But a risen orb did sweep
Through the skies, a path of fire
Rent the bands of child and sire.
Then the child to woman grew—
Lovely in her robe of blue.
At the van on battle field
Fiercely glowed her burnished shield,

And the thunders o'er the main
Echoed—Rent is slavery's chain!
Waken, sleeper! let no foe
Dig the grave of Alamo.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Dark is the circling stream,
It is life's eddying river,
And like the fevered dream
Which furrows on thy brow,
Its deepening eddies seem
A bleakness which can never
Be else than what is now.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Cold is thy couch of stone,
And heedless is thy pillow;
What is thy lot to own
Was others oft before.
Sad is thy ceaseless moan,
It is an ebbing billow
On Time's deep graven shore.

Maniac:—

Like voices from the past, by zephyrs borne
From out the confines of a thousand caves,
I hear the words which steeled the arm, when youth
Bade me to pay no tribute to a king;
Is it a dream? Or is a lucid hour
Mine to remember what I once have been,
When eagle warred with eagle, and the crags

Resounded with the thunder of their wings?
I see the aerie of the victor there,
I hear the nestlings call, and round the height
The guardians wheeling scream out—Liberty!

Should virtue blush, and valor trembling be,
While I, with maddened brain, behold the past,
And pray a respite in the arms of sleep?
I wake! The demons in my heart awake,
They dance before my eyes, they revel, plot,
Then lull me unto opiate rest again,
Thus to accomplish some desiring end.
These dismal chains of greed and selfishness,
Corruption's links, and discord's sullen web,
Are ringed into the adamantine stone
Of lingering death—my couch and dwelling place.

CHORUS.

Within a tortured breast
Are demons without number;
His only hour of rest
Is through an opiate slumber.
We grieve, we grieve for thee,
For rival tyranny
With iron chains encumber
The one who should be free.

FIRST SPIRIT.

From out the glintings on the wave
A form shall come our charge to save.

SECOND SPIRIT.

He will arise, Atlantis heal,
And break for aye the fever's seal.

CHORUS.

The demons in his heart
Will be no longer dumb;
They yield unto the art
Of the Genius who will come.
O wave the mystic wand!
O croon the sleeping lay!
The tyrants shall respond,
And night will flee the day.
We are a senate fair,
We are a jury true—
He comes! he comes! and ne'er
Can evil change its hue.

Genius.

Unto thy call I hasten, Spirits fair.

First Spirit.

Dark being of the wave, behold the man
Wrapped in the night of sleepless misery;
Within his bosom are the cancerous shapes
Which feed upon his madness, and would crave
His vitals as a portion of their greed.
Distempered dreams, strange visions, and the arts
Of discord revel in his brain, till arm
And arm, and limb and limb, in sullen rage
Each other long to rend.

Genius.

Speak forth the law,
And from him I will every fiend withdraw.

First Spirit.

With soothing touch bid him repose, and then
Undo the chains which bind and bring the fiends
Each prisoner where no mantle evil screens.

Genius.

In artful form the evil I will find,
And bring amain unto thy presence fair
The fiends who plot and revel in their lair.

CHORUS.

Stand firm, be firm, O maids !
For justice now persuades
The hideous shapes to meet the gaze
Of truth and virtue now;
Judge well, let judgment be
A senate's just decree,
That will forever, ever raze
The furrows from the brow.

They come ! they come ! they come !
The lips shall not be dumb;
The Genius holds the chain,
Which will each fiend restrain,
And we—and we,
Will fearless ever be,
With our command to free a land—
O sweet is liberty.

Genius.

Sweet beings, I return. Atlantis slept, and I
Did pierce his fevered shroud, and found the ills
Each in a cavern of their own desires.
I chained them, and now bring them unto thee,
They are thy slaves and wait thy just decree.

First Spirit.

Who are ye, fiends?

First Fiend.

Call me not fiend!

I am the heart which throbs the living flood
Within the arteries of life, and I
Sustain, and ask my portion for the toil;
Who turns the wheels needs have the ready oil.

First Spirit.

What is thy name?

First Fiend.

It is Monopoly.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Monopoly, he turns the wheels,
And with his arms outstretching feels
For some remoter prey;
He is an octopus,
His name is ever thus;
The life blood from that heart congeals
Upon its pulseless way.

First Spirit.

And thou?

Second Fiend.

I also am not fiend.

No heart I am, no heart I have, a mind
Absorbing all is mine. I am the brain,
Which telegraphs to each awaiting nerve
Its duty to perform, and, as a voice
Is echoed from the confines of its sphere,
Each nerve abides my mandate, and a train
Of wakened voices echo at my call.
Intrinsic value, fair intrinsic worth,
I hold and keep, and ask no other birth.

First Spirit.

What is thy name?

Second Fiend.

Sweet one, the name of Trust.

SECOND SPIRIT,

His names are Brain and Pools,
The nerves, his many tools,
Will screw and screw the covers on
The coffins of the fools.
Let the senate fair disserve
A basilisk, which never
Can look around, save, hope is gone,
And comes a train of ghouls.

First Spirit,

And thou, dark one?

Third Fiend.

I am a fiend. I am
A devil from the inmost depths of earth,
An octopus and basilisk combined,
With many eyes and countless arms, to slay,

If not to slay, the seeds of discontent
And strife and misery to sow amain,
Each watered by the tears of hope deferred.
I, for a season loosed, a season long,
A winter never ending till the scroll
Of mortal life is brushed aside, will plot
And be the champion of an earthly harmony.

Around the light divine I weave the cloud
Of pride. Among the flowers of love I place
The germs of strife. Unto the heart I say,—
Thou ownest all. Unto the brain I speak,—
Self is thy might, and self is every law.
Then if the limbs a tardy work perform,
In ecstasy I whisper,—have thy due.
I am not brain, but jaundiced liver, I
With cancerous spots the flood of life defy.

SECOND SPIRIT.

O woe! O woe! O woe!
The fiend must truly go;
He is a devil, he will revel
With the friend and foe.
Away, away, away,
Bear all the fiends to-day;
O genius rise, put off disguise,
And bid the tempest slay.

First Spirit.

Await thy one decree, here other fiends
Must make confession, or be judged to die.

Third Fiend.

They are my slaves, if not my slaves, they are
The minions of the one who seeks to be
The granary of a world. When all the wealth
A world can give is garnered in his bin,
He gives them life if life is worth a grain,
He grants them death, if life makes no return.
They are but slaves to us, their lords, and we
Are Liver, Heart and Brain in harmony.

They are divided into class and cast,
For here the snob and egotistic dunce,
The heir of fortune with the lack of brains,
Strut with the colors of my open foe,
My secret friend, the gilded anarchy.
These others sweat beneath the sun of gold,
Toil at the noonday for a mite of bread,
The poisonous breath absorb, they faint and die;
Yet, in their last convulsion looked in vain
For respite and complete recovery.
O fools, to hope, each hope is quickly gone,
As was the past the days will be anon.

CHORUS.

They are a nation's ill,
With poison they will kill;
They are a nation's woe,
Of liberty the foe.

O hear our just decree,
Atlantis shall be free;

Abide, abide the call,
They all shall quickly fall.

Genius.

If they are only fiends bid me to slay,
If they are anarchs in their own disguise,
Thy righteous cause hide from the light of day,
And say that no acknowledged anarch dies.

Third Fiend-

Well is the call, thou justest of the just.
My minions here, the rich, the poor, and all
Long to each other cried:—Thou anarch art;
My ways are peace, and I am harmony.
'Tis surely well to grant them life if true,
For truth unveiled will cause a much ado.

First Spirit.

Who will for life confess? Let silence be
The messenger that speaks, vale anarchy.

Many Fiends.

We anarchs are !

First Spirit.

Why so? I thought you slaves.

First and Second Fiends.

We anarchs are !

First Spirit.

Why so? I thought you kings.

Genius.

Ah, life is sweet; like the cool morning dew,

Which winnows through ethereal veils, and falls
On flower and thorn, that nectar from the skies,
The love of life will flow in gracious drops
Unto the lips of man. Speak, captives mine:
If I the chains unwind that you may live,
Unto the senate all a reason give.

Third Fiend.

O mighty Genius, speaker I will be.
These paltry demons anarchs truly are,
For law they have not, know not, only we
Who scheme and think, its gracious weal can buy;
In truth, their law is but the right to die.
They are a baaing flock of mottled sheep,
Which see beyond the stile utopian fields,
And at a leader's call, with quickening tread
Spring in the air to reach the phantom goal;
Phantasmal land, the thorn and brier they find,
And to another bell they cleave the wind.

The others you thought kings—ah, kings indeed,
To mold the law as fits their every need;
The rule of few, although not few the rules,
Which like a fence of wire inwoven well,
Keeps gilded weal within, and ill without,
Is theirs, theirs only, and the common horde
Askance can gaze between each pointed barb.
Let crownless rulers in the palace strut
Like peacocks in a pen; let silk and gold
With nurtured softness wake the festal march;
Let them who will obeisance pay to kings,
And pray to mammon for a monarchy,
The law of class shall help confusion reign—

Who aids confusion must an anarchy be.
Ah, profit vain is theirs—the olive branch
Like aspen trembles—sweeps the avalanche.

O gracious spirits, fiend am only I,
All these are angels, must they surely die?
Here crownless kings, if bores kings ever be,
Snobs, todies, toads upon one side we see;
Their church's barbed gate has often rent
The trousers after date of good intent,
While murdered birds on gaudy bonnets raise
Te Deum new amid admiring gaze.
The dainty step the velvet web desires,
The feeble brain sensation's newest fires;
The hall, the lawn and afternoon retreat
With wanton pastime must be gilded sweet.
There softly strays the idiotic dude,
There waits a dame's too soon maturing brood;
There ancient guys and powdered ladies grace
The death dance of degenerating race,
And sing in concert—come, O titles, soon,
Our wealth is yours, we ask no other boon,
Than that you drink from out our plebeian bowl
The sweat house wealth of many a fainting soul.
Some seraphs seem, all surely angels are,
Though from the devil not so very far.

These others, too of that angelic band,
Without the fence with heads uncovered stand,
Awaiting for the barbed gate to jar;
They wait in vain—till comes the Morning Star.
Some voice in whispers earthquakes, cyclones dire,

Some chant the words of woe, some of desire;
Like waters eddying o'er a hidden rock,
They murmur, surge, defiant forces mock,
And madly on, a tide of discontent
Flows on the bulwarks of a continent.
They too are angels, and their liege am I—
A fiend, but anarch not—I wait to die.

FIRST SPIRIT.

What is the senate's will?
What shall the mandate be?

SECOND SPIRIT.

The fiend delights in ill,
Though not an anarch he.

CHORUS.

We will no respite grant,
He dies, he dies to-day,
No walls of adamant
Can bid our course to stay;
The cavern towering o'er us
Will echo to the chorus,
At last, at last, at last,
The evil hour is past.

The sunset on the deep
Will tell of bright to-morrow,
An hour of peaceful sleep
Will lull a nation's sorrow.
Away, away, away,

Let the fiend be borne to day,
A moment's peace to borrow
Of the Genius who will slay.

Third Fiend.

My spirits dear, 'tis justice that will cast
The dye which leaves a nation free at last;
The wild delirium with my spirit flies,
Atlantis lives, a fiend alone that dies;
Yet, ere I go, permit me one farewell
Speak unto those beneath my potent spell.

to the fiends.

My colleagues, Heart and Brain, my friends of yore,
You are the pinnacle, from which the light
Of civilization rolls in lucent waves
Across a world. You are a glowing stone
Hurled from enduring heights, brighter to glow,
Until the heavens, lighted by your zeal,
Look on the earth twin jewel with the sun.
What is, is yours, and gold, your precious gem,
Like snake's eyes, facinate the craven horde,
Like Jack o' lanterns lure forever on.
Let it be bait for slaves, and meat for men,
Then keep them hungry and the world is yours.
If arm and arm, and limb and limb will seek
To check your onward course, let blood congeal,
And ulcerous sores abound, each worthy curse
To have a cure in theories diverse;
If all should fail, collect the hirelings true,
Bid thunders roll and lightnings speed amain,
That either you are kings, or else, a world
Reels back to be again in chaos hurled.
Will thus my colleagues do?

First and Second Fiends.

We will ! we will !

Third Fiend.

Then if the star within the cavern's roof
Glow's ruddy bright, strike for the princely woof.

to the many fiends.

O friends of liberty, the brave, the true
Apostles of the hour a summer sun
Shines on the earthly fields utopian sweet,
The adulation of a world is yours,
O pure of heart—O soul of harmony.
Let power design, capricious fashion reign,
A stone upon your soon forgotten mound
Marks dimly where a hero tried is found;
A hero dead, a martyr in his tomb,
To feel no mockery of heroes live,
Whose forms, unpunctured from the bounty's proof,
Strut to the admiration of a horde.

Cause and effect have turned our sphere around,
Demand, supply upraise their ramparts bleak
In which for ages fruitlessly we delved;
Must all our theories at last be shelved?
The tyrant host demands, and you supply,
They are the cause, but you are no effect,
Save, beasts affect the sod when cleaves the plow.
The soil produces and your arm designs,
But often husks alone your garner finds;
Have you the adulation of a world?
Ah, I would give you life and endless weal—
The world is yours—Arise ! arise and slay !
Strike for your own, the chains are loosed to-day.

L. G. C.

Many Fiends.

We will! we will!

Third Fiend.

Where will you go?

Many Fiends.

Unto the tyrant's lair.

Third Fiend.

I ask a pledge.

Many Fiends.

Unto our liege we swear.

First Fiend.

Then as the star above us glows with rage,
Burn—slay—devour—the tyrant host engage.
to the Spirits.

Sweet Spirits, I am done; my race is o-er,
And won or lost as, oft it was before.
I am the Liver, yellowish with ill,
Pronounce the judgment, I will take the pill.

CHORUS.

O Genius, loose the chains.

THIRD FIEND.

The star above you reigns.

CHORUS,

The hour is truly well.

THIRD FIEND.

Atlantis hears the knell.

CHORUS.

Proclaim we peace to-day,

Millennium for aye
Will roll across the sea,
A fairer world shall be.

THIRD FIEND.

The vultures circle high,
They wait for man to die;
The carrion reeks this hour—
Burn! slay! devour!

MANY FIENDS.

We are free! we are free!
Collect our cohorts true.

FIRST AND SECOND FIENDS.

We absolute shall be,
Our minions wait to do.

Third Fiend.

The star! the star! A world's alarm resounds,
The storms amain are speeding to the call,
To waste their energy in thunder peals.
Ho! Spirits judge! man his own judge will be,
And execute the mandate of his will;
He lives an hour, and lives to rule or kill.

CHORUS.

O woe, O woe, O woe,
We knew not what we know.
We powerless shall be,
Atlantis is not free.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Dread glows the star, its lurid fire will light
With fell contagion all this cave of night.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Flee! flee! away! away!
Now a nation knows dismay.

THIRD FIEND.

Madly glows the fiery star—
Burn! slay! you anarchs are.

CHORUS.

To the deep, to the deep we will go,
Till the eyes of sleep a vigil will keep
O'er the foe;
Though tempest and storm
May hurl their alarm o'er the sea,
It quickly is spoken,
And union unbroken will be.

To the deep, to the deep we will fly,
As the hiss and the flash
Awakes the mad crash in the sky;
But brief is the hour
The anarchs have power—afar
O'er valley and main shall freedom again
Be the star.

.....

In the fell midnight of a world's lament,
Amid the lightning's flash I heard the rage
Of warring hosts, and saw the cavern change
Into a battle field. No more a form in chains,
Nor spirits' care, nor demon's wile was there,
But one, personified in everything,
Ranged with the madness of an anarch fiend.
There, as the battle raged, I saw the hosts,
All anarchs they, in one tumultuous strife,
And heard the cry:—Commune! commune for aye!
Then rolled the answer:—monarchy to-day!
Was freedom lost? a nation thus returned
Unto the chaos of a pagan wild?
Ah nay! Atlantis rifts the chains, again
His banner waves, the battle cry resounds,
The yeomen of the nation rise, and soon
In the deep current of the past were hurled
The dark antagonists of mutual hate;
Then as the clouds did flee and clamors still,
I saw the crimson field of victory.
A martial host were ranged beside their chief,
Where waved a flag, a starry flag, while rose
A shout which rolled, to roll forevermore,
And echo on the battlements of time;
Yet, as I looked, appeared the walls, the rock,
The Spirits on the wave, and once again
I listened to the song.

CHORUS.

We hail the flag of blue!
We hail the victor true!

For aye—for aye
Let the joyous shout resound.
Atlantis now is free,
And fair equality
Will in our land abound
To-day—for aye.

No more is war's lament
On sea or continent,
Away—away,
Let the notes be borne afar;
The battlements of light
Hold firm against the night,
And truth and justice are
To-day—for aye.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Sorrows are soon forgot,
Good which is dearly bought
Brightens the day;
Thunder of war resounds,
Often the new made mounds
Hallow the way;
Yet in the hour of strife,
And in the death is life,
And progress for aye.

Peace is a purchased right,
War can alone endite
On the life page
What is a moment real—
Molding a nation's weal—

Man's heritage.
Free as the winds are they
Who if right will delay,
 Throw down the gage.

CHORUS.

Atlantis lives, he lives,
And youth returns anew;
The Alamo is cherished still,
And Valley Forge and Bunker Hill
 Sleep 'neath the flag of blue;
 Like a gallant knight of old,
 He led his cohorts bold,
And now unto a nation gives
 A gem of stainless hue.

Mankind shall one and all
A birthright have to day,
And long as will the battle field
Be cherished as a nation's shield,
 It shall not pass away.
 Sweet peace, we honor thee,
 But war, if war must be,
Bid freedom live, oppression fall,
And beacons glow for aye.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Gone is the hour of dark,
Gone is the night of woe,
A nation will embark

THE SPIRITS' CONCERT.

On time's wide sea, and know
No reef, nor sullen bar;
Like a fair ship it glides
Over the sunny tides,
Unto the haven far.

A star will rise, will rise
In the evening of an age,
And the fair unclouded skies
Will glow with a heritage
Of a joy in sorrow born;
Sweet as that hour may be,
Valley and hill and lea
That jewel will adorn.

CHORUS.

Victory! victory!
Often is the cry;
Victory! victory!
Though a world may die.
Hear the beast's loud paeon ring,
Hear the cry as talons sting;
One arose, but one did fall—
Victory is not for all.

Once from chaos came a world,
On a height a flag unfurled
Told of war and triumph won—
War unended, but begun,
Rolled like billows on a sea—
Rolling till a world is free.

Victory, O victory,
Couldst thou not less cruel be ?

Victory ! victory !
Freedom rings the glad acclaim;
Victory ! victory !
May it sound across the main.
Fallen has the prince's hall,
Crumbling is oppression's wall—
Speed triumphant, Liberty !
Though thou too must cruel be.

REPUTATION, GREAT AND CO.,
PUBLISHERS.

POET.

A bird unheard, amid the forest boughs,
I carolled to the winds, the passing winds,
Which bore my song to deeper solitude,
And lost it in the wild. The world—the world
Cared not to read, deigned not to buy my verse,
And I, though nectar fed, filled not my purse.

I am a poet, but no one will know it,
Until a publisher will take me up,
And laud me to the world; then on my brow
The laurel wreath will rest, and dreams, sweet
dreams,

Made sweeter by reality, will find
My Pegasus sky sailing on the strains.
Ah, I will find a publisher of verse,
A worthy publisher of great repute,
For only such can stamp my poems true;
Then, as his critic sets my dainty gems,
Takes pearl on pearl from my collection fair,
He weaves for me a lasting diadem,
And makes me king for aye. O, I will go
To only Reputation, Great and Co.

The poet enters the office of the publisher.
Poet.

I am a poet, I unto the moon

Night after night have sung a deathless rune;
 But the fair moon bestowed no glance on me,
 And I, forlorn, have brought my verse to thee.
 Fly, Pegasus, thou charger of the Nine!
 Bear to the publisher his weal and mine.

Office Boy.

You are a poet, and a devil I,
 Two of a kind with Pegasus will fly.

Poet.

Fly, devil! call the archfiend in the room,
 But potentates my heavenly verse can boom.

OFFICE BOY exits and enters with PUBLISHER.

Publisher.

Another long haired fool has come to-day,
 And I just threw three manuscripts away;
 In truth, my reputation is so great,
 The poets haunt me, for I them create;
 I speak the word, a million people hear,
 I stamp the book, my stamp outlasts the year;
 One hundred thousandth I endorse the first,
 A thousand sell and I am reimbursed;
 The poet soars a moment in my light,
 Then falls, and loses his dear copyright.
 Ah, poetry is trash; you poets are
 But modern rasps on a lyric bar;
 Where are the masters? where the thunder crash?
 The modern poem is a stale rehash.

Poet.

The old is trash unto the buying throngs,
 A noble few maintain the ancient songs:

The few are fossils, and the hordes decide
 The new are true—I would with them abide.
 No simple tale my fearless hand has penned,
 A light divine my peerless soul has kenned;
 Seraphic strains from heaven's own choicest choir
 I bring to earth, clothed with celestial fire.
 Permit me read a verse, and you will find
 Great Shakspeare much outclassed and left behind.

Publisher.

Well, read a verse; what will the subject be?

Poet.

Here's one on soap—original with me.

POET reads.

Soap—soap—soap—soap,
 Pears, apples, peaches, rope;
 Barley corn and apple-jack,
 Soap—soap—soap—soap.

Publisher.

That sounds like poetry. Ho! devil—boy!
 Bring in the critic, he may find alloy.

CRITIC enters.

Poet to Critic.

No simple tale my midnight oil has given
 To me—to me, it is a song from heaven.
 Permit me read a verse, and you will see
 The modern poet writes true poetry.

Critic.

Well, read a verse; if poetry it seems,
 I may investigate your midnight dreams.

Poet.

Here's one on soap, original with me.

Critic.

A subject worthy of true poetry.

POET reads.

Soap—soap—soap—soap,
Fragrant, flagrant, vagrant—rope;
Morning's rose, and twilight glows,
Soap—soap—soap—soap.

Critic.

It has the ring, it has the rhythmic flow;
It is true poetry for all I know.
Give me the manuscript, I'll look it o'er,
And scan the beauty after and before.

CRITIC takes the manuscript.

Critic.

Ha, apple-jack! that takes me home again;
Old barley corn, dear charmer of the men!
Rope—rope—so useful in the west
To aid the vigilantes sweet request!
Here morning's rose imprints the meadow dew,
There twilight glows the sunset's golden hues;
Up east and down, soap—soap, we all agree
Is good to use, and great in poetry.

Here is a verse on spring—dear, gentle springs,
And here the poet on a dog fight sings;
Here's one on cats, O wondrous is the pen,
It takes me back to jungle land again.

Critic to Publisher.

Bind him in writing, ere the soap trust finds
A corner on this prince of heavenly minds.

Publisher.

My critic thinks your verse will quickly sell,

And Reputation, Great, has found it well
 To bring you lasting fame, and what is more,
 A well filled purse before the year is o'er.
 One hundred volumes we will publish now,
 And forty critics unto you will bow,
 And forty magazines will sing your praise,
 While papers subsidized will print your lays.
 One hundred thousand we proclaim as sold
 Before the paper on the press is rolled;
 The world will waken when the critics say,
 Fame's temple has a niche for you some day.

The frontispiece your photograph will be,
 A bar of soap will keep it company;
 Then comes a dog, and then a cat, and then
 A jug of barley corn to charm the men;
 A morning scene will on this page repose,
 And there a coil of rope the book will close.
 Contract with me, be famous in a day,
 For forty magazines will mark the way.

Poet.

Great critic, and great publisher of verse,
 Fame shall be mine, and yours may be the purse.

Office Boy.

Laud not our kind with such laudation fair,
 The cover off will find the table bare;
 We critics are not geniuses, and we
 Must have a model for true poetry;
 If it is like the model we are sure
 It is an imitation, simple, pure,
 And if unlike it, then we truly know

That it is trash, and to the waste should go;
 But from the buying throng there comes a sound,
 And critics keep their ears unto the ground;
 The reading horde proclaims the style of verse,
 We publish that, and thus renew our purse.

From Milton's best your poem differs some,
 And from our Shakspeare it has never come;
 Though imitation it is surely not,
 That very reason makes the poem rot.
 Still from the ground a voice is calling now
 To it alone the publisher will bow;
 It calls for rot to ragtime music set,
 We hear the voice, to bid, and else forget.

In truth, the rabble are our critics true,
 We heed the call to find sensation new;
 Then from our magazines the praises flow,
 No other work in their reviews shall go.
 The poem is the bait, the critic hook,
 The people fish that jump and catch a book,
 The book digested finds them hungry still,
 And we find rot anew the space to fill.

Publisher,

Ay, rot and Reputation, Great, supply
 The wings for Pegasus to mount the sky.

Poet.

I am inspired; a verse I would endite,
 My heavenly muse has made another flight;
 Enclose this ideal poem in my book,
 And sweet ambrosia baits the critic hook.

Publisher.

Write, poet write ! Burn, O celestial fires !
Roll forth the song our presence now inspires.

Poet.

Rot—rot—rot—rot,
Critics read but know it not;
Book is bought—people caught,
Rot—rot—rot—rot.

Critic.

In truth, the verse within the book shall go,
It is true poetry for all I know.

THE NEW WOMEN.

SCENE, A Women's Club.

CHORUS.

We are a women's club,
And though we rub, a-rub,
When we are here we are never near
The washing in the tub;
We have our tea and talk,
We loiter on the walk,
And gossip where there is never a care,
Though husbands walk the chalk.

On art, and science bold,
On literature of old,
We papers read, though much, indeed,
Wish they remained unrolled;
For though, of higher mind,
We puff our skirts behind,
And strut about like a peacock out
To breathe the morning wind.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Miss Blank has such a hat,
Miss Blanket is too fat,

And Madam Lean looks very mean
In such a coat as that.
I wonder now who comes?
O how the club room hums!
Thus we uphold the arts of old,
And Euclid's weighty sums.

'Good-night' my friend says twice,
He is so very nice,
And Mr. Bean is not so mean,
And Smart is worth the price;
Thus on new thought we speak,
Thus our advance we seek,
At the women's club which rubs, a-rub,
About three times a week.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Here we are taught to cook,
We find it in a book,
And we raise the babe by an astrolabe,
Then hang it on a hook.
When we have Euclid learned,
The tables will be turned,
And the men shall bear the babies fair,
While we seem unconcerned.

The speaking hour has come,
We all have been so dumb,
Each woman's heart is torn apart
By the club room's ceaseless hum;
The place our hats were bought,
The shopping battles fought,

Were told all through by the women new—
Though mum upon new thought.

PRESIDENT.

In order let the women's club repose,
Let gossip cease for words on wary foes;
We meet to-day to solve, at least, to try
The question which to woman's heart is nigh.

Speak! women, speak! O ones of higher mind,
Whose skirts, abridged, still flap against the wind—
Fie, fie on skirts! they still proclaim us meek—
High minded souls, the hour is yours to speak.

First Woman.

The question is—If we men's equal are,
How shall we cleave for aye the social bar?
Shall we, defiant, lead the great revolt,
Until our ranks, enlarged, will bear no halt?

Women.

A revolution! a revolution!

First Fire Eater.

Ha! that's the word; I spurn the kitchen floor,
Like Tadmor's queen when rolled the battle roar;
Like the fierce war steed nettled for the fray,
Unreined, undaunted I would lead the way.

First Woman.

Why should arise grim revolution's star?

Second Woman.

Why should Minerva raise her hand for war?

First Fire Eater.

Have we no cause to break the bond of slaves
With a fell blow? Have we a juster cause
Than women's end of thralldom unto men?
Two score of years my maiden heart has felt
Compassion's knife thrusts for the married fools,
Who delve in drudgery, bear babes for men,
And simple souled, would lead their lives again.

A score of years I led in dress reform,
I modeled parted skirts, stole vests from men,
Put on their shirts, and donned the derby hat,
And then, advancing, wore knee bagging pants,
Proclaiming thus our intellect supreme.
I boldly walked the streets in such a guise,
And men tipped not their hats, for which for all,
Had I the law I'd hang them to a wall.

Ah, such a scream! If a woman's ankles were
Not rounded like a damsel's of sixteen,
She would not show them to the gaze of men;
And if they were as graceful as she willed,
Some man proclaimed himself possessor sole,
And frowned on me who told her of new thought;
Weak creature she, her intellect benumbed,
Fled to his arms and to his plea succumbed.

Vain is the bold example of a few,
Vainly we teach when women dare not learn;
With one fell blow we break the chains—and then
Forever ends our thralldom unto men.

Women.

A revolution! a revolution!

Second Woman.

Shall we resort to arms? Better to yield,
Than look on carnage of a battlefield.

Second Fire Eater.

There is a war as righteous as is heaven's
Unceasing battle with the foes of hell.
There is a cause as just as bade the stand
Of gallant men at bloody Alamo.
Yet, bloodless battles tell of triumph won,
Like Magna Charta wrung from tyrant's hands—
Like the fair Declaration of the Right,
Our cause will rise when we sustain our might.

Our revolution knows no beat of drums,
No clang of swords, no carnage of the field;
But only this, the ballot and the choice,
Then ever after woman's guiding voice.

Second Woman.

How can we vote when we no voters are?

Third Woman.

And thus are without weapons for the war.

Third Fire Eater.

In the great arsenal of the intellect
There is a weapon fit for every need,
Too blunt to slay, but strong to overthrow,
And hold enchained the foemen of our cause;
It is the court backed by the people's will.
'Twas Providence who placed me when a child
Wife of a lawyer, married to him when
I thought a woman merged her all with name.
High on his shelves the countless books were piled

Laws upon laws to rule the human race,
And mold the furrows on a lawyer's brow.
There once he said:—All laws which here abide
Can by the court supreme be set aside.

He spoke of constitution, which the court
Construed, and still construes, and truly will
Sometime consign unto the savage past.
He spoke of legislatures and their laws,
How plowmen seek to guide the ship of state,
How lawyers storm and blow, and sages pull
String upon string to wear the ship away;
But at the helm the court supreme abides,
And from its charts the even course decides.

Deeply I pondered on our sacred cause,
Well have I thought upon my husband's words;
If we the court can gain, Prometheus bound
Has risen and the haughty gods are downed.

Name judges three to be the court supreme,
Clothe them in wigs and gowns, and on the bench
Place them before the men court enters in.
If men refuse to yield, in session we
Hold for contempt, and mandate them at will.
We, once in power, will pass on every law,
Hold lawful ours, but in their own a flaw.
Thus will a revolution fair be won,
And not a foe be killed, nor home undone.

First Woman.

The fruit of knowledge we now eat again,
Eve gave to Adam, and we give to men;

'Tis truly sweet, for only men shall fall,
While our high court rules in the laurel hall.

Second Woman.

'Tis sweet indeed. To us the highest court
Will ever be our one unyielding fort;
Now for the sally and the entry in,
Then ways and means to garrison and win.

PRESIDENT.

Hail we the queens of intellect to-day !
They will the court's all potent scepter sway;
Each other office, highest unto least,
We fill and thus subdue the mighty beast.

CHORUS.

Away ! away ! away !
The women have the say;
For we will vote an antidote
To all our ills to-day.
Our court will be supreme,
With justice for its theme,
Till a purgative to law we give—
O think it not a dream.

Our attorney general
Well knows the men are all
A simple clan who man to man
Will stand or ever fall;
But down the stream they go,
And women's skirts will tow
Their sinking boat on the antidote
Which wafts them all below.

O cast the dye of fate !
New work we have of late,
For the women's club has found its tub,
It is the ship of state;
We wash the volumes through,
We wring the statutes too,
But ere the hour of women's power,
Adieu—adieu—adieu.

SCENE Supreme Court.

The women judges enter the court room.

Woman Chief Justice.

Well, we have won. First in the fray, and last
To go away, we peerless justice keep,
While men asleep, awake to fall—to fall.
Here is the bench with cushions just for three,
Here is the bar, and there the outer bar,
For justice, like a river calm and deep,
Flows pure upon its course, and bitter is
When o'er the bar it strives with turbulence.
My sisters, is my wig in perfect trim?
It seems my trousers tighten at the knee,
And this high collar penetrates my chin;
Ah! who now comes? Be mum, my sisters—mum.

BAILIFF enters.

Bailiff.

Am I too late? Excuse me, noble men,
Near sighted, I mistook the hour of ten.

Woman Chief Justice.

Your duty do, our business must be done,
Ere ten o'clock is half the battle won.

Bailiff.

Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! In session now
The Court Supreme is open—rise and bow.

Woman Chief Justice.

Well said, my sir: our dignity is shown;
Yet, why are you this hour with us alone?

Bailiff.

I bailiff am, I give the court the law;
It sits upon its easy chairs, and speaks,
Bring up the volumes so and so, and I
Hand in the law—the court takes what I give.
When they majestic walk beneath their wigs,
And flatten the soft cushions on the bench,
They can not speak till I have said the word;
I open court, then usher in the guest,
Bring forth the law—they only do the rest;
The rest, when done, the open court I close,
The judges simply rise and follow out their nose.

Woman Chief Justice

What other personages has the bench?

Bailiff.

It has the clerk, and noble janitor,
The worthy guardian of the cuspidor;
Fierce every judge, to question well the law,
Must on his precious plug tobacco gnaw,
Chew, spit, look serious, that lawyers see
In them the acme of integrity.

Here come the legal talent fit for war,
Charged with the knowledge of another bar,
Primed with the wisdom of the ruddy wine,
They wait the word upon the firing line;
I bring the armor, I the weapons bring,
The pig skin cover holds the offering;
They rise, address your honor, then at will
Blaze fast away the cuspidor to fill.
Fierce is the battle, fair is triumph won,
Then at the other bar are terms of peace begun.

Woman Chief Justice.

O, hold me sisters, or I'll faint !

Bailiff.

He faint ?

That he looks like a she—his breast is full—
He breathes high in his chest, and on his chin
I notice down, although he's fifty old.

Woman Chief Justice. .

'Twas but a spasm gone—bring in the law,
We soon decide and point the legal flaw.

JUSTICES OF SUPREME COURT enter.

Chief Justice.

What have we here ?

Woman Chief Justice.

What have we there, I say ?

Chief Justice.

Why, we are justices.

Woman Chief Justice.

And we are just as says the women's club
That placed us on this bench, and gave us power

To try the cause, and judge for women's right.
Bailiff, do your duty.

Bailiff.

I thought you women, though my eyes are dim,
You are too portly where the men are slim.

Chief Justice.

What means this nonsense? Bailiff, well avail
The answer, or contempt takes you to jail.

Bailiff.

In truth, I do not know; I simply know
I came in court about an hour ago,
And found these women sitting as you see;
I simply answered when they questioned me.

Chief Justice.

Away and bring the deputies—away
March them to jail in full contempt to day.

BAILIFF exits.

Chorus of the Women's Club enters.

CHORUS.

We are the women's club,
Our court is but the hub
Round which the wheel of law will reel,
And give the men the snub.
We are the deputies,
We all are here at ease,
Each mandate we will all agree
To execute and please.

WOMAN BAILIFF.

I am the bailiff true,

I open court anew;
Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!
The session now shall be.

WOMAN CLERK.

I am appointed clerk.
This is the hour of work,
The roll I read, and all shall plead,
Though Christian or a Turk.

SHERIFF enters.

Sheriff.

What is the mandate of the noble court?

Woman Chief Justice.

Lead these three men to jail.

Chief Justice.

Lead them to jail,

We are the Court Supreme.

Woman Chief Justice.

They are intruders; we, elected, have
Certificates, and we possessive sit
In open court to give the just decrees;
Obey the mandate as the court will please.

Sheriff to Justices.

They are upon the bench and have the law,
You must obey the mandate to withdraw.

SHERIFF and JUSTICES exit.

Women Court.

The day is won; now for the business end.
Let the new clerk unto her work attend.

Woman Clerk.

The women's legislature thus resolves:
Be now repealed and evermore annulled
All of the statutes on the books of men;
This makes the constitution good again.

Women Court.

The resolution meet and well we find,
A mighty step to raise up womankind;
A glorious thing for men is this decree,
Which leaves the constitution pure and free.

Woman Chief Justice.

Bring forth the law books, burn them in the grate.

BAILIFF exits and returns.

Bailiff.

If it please the court, I saw the volumes line
The many shelves from ceiling to the floor;
Famed Alexandria did not consign
To flames iota of such mighty lore.
Ah me, if it was fiction, what a sin
Must fire the grate to burn the volumes in.

Woman Chief Justice.

They are but fiction, legalized, alloyed;
Lock the firm door and term them all destroyed.

WOMAN CLERK.

The women's legislature thus resolves:
Whereas, no law is ever anarchy,
And copious law makes obsolete the good,
We frame these statutes as the women should.

FIRST.

Man shall no more design the woman's form,

The women's club decrees what shall adorn;
Frivolity the purse must empty not,
And fashion yield unto the newer thought.

SECOND.

The women's club will meet three times a week
To hear reports on husbands sad and meek,
And well advise the court supreme, until
The sterner ones obey the wives' sweet will.

THIRD.

The work at home shall thus apportioned be:
Men boil the coffee, women steep the tea,
Men scrub the floor, women wash the pan,
With other work divided unto plan.

FOURTH.

For vice the ten commandments we proclaim,
For war the twelfth, and unto peace the same;
For home the tenth, and for the forum all,
Yet, each by court supreme shall stand or fall,

WOMEN COURT.

These statutes constitutional we find:
A little law is like a gentle wind
Which steady blows, while many laws will be
Like many winds upon a wintery sea.
Our laws are trade winds for the ship of state,
The men's are typhoons, and the pilot fate.
Now for the execution of the law.

CHORUS.

O hail our court supreme!

O laud our noble scheme !
We women find we are not blind,
Our cause is not a dream;
We execute to-day,
The women hold the way;
Though men may shirk some other work,
They shall the laws obey.

Adieu ! adieu ! adieu !
We are the women new,
And the howling gale will not avail,
Until our work is through;
The statutes have been passed,
The dye of fate is cast;
Commandments ten may shock the men,
But the tenth will hold them fast.

SCENE Women's Club.

President.

We women meet again; the hour is ill,
For haughty men would yield not to our will;
Still, if awaits us only stern defeat,
We safe shall be within the club's retreat.
Who will report the doings of the day ?

Woman Clerk.

I issued execution of the law,
The sheriff levied, but men found a flaw;

They would not yield, and she, compelled to force,
Talked law until her throat was very hoarse;
Worse—worse, they laughed and even mocked,
till she,
Defied, returned no service unto me.

Woman Sheriff.

I, sheriff, say: Vain was my ardent lot,
To bring in line the women of old thought;
They were the foes we found in every home,
They willed not in our heaven on earth to roam;
Each husband's arm was stronger than my plea,
Might must decide if just is our decree.

President.

Might—where is woman in a world of might?
Might is a cloud upon a stormy night;
Might is an ogre unto woman's weal,
Fierce, sullen, bold, a grinning ogre real.
Though courts supreme may justice well decide,
Force must be had to make that law abide;
To arms no woman goes, except, to men's,
Her weapons they, she fights and home defends.

SECOND WOMAN.

There is no ill, except, that ill is found,
There is no evil where no evil seems;
There is no harm, though harm may be around,
If it, unnoticed, passes like our dreams.

One can not do the work of many here,
Two can not build where many break away;

One looks ahead, and thinks the goal is near,
The many blind, look not, but utter nay.

Well we have toiled, a few the battle fought,
Well we have planned and stood by our resolve;
Yet, by defeat is oft a lesson taught,
And through experience we shall evolve.

Prone unto reason is the gift to men,
Prone unto impulse is a woman's woe;
Yet, intuition speaks to women when
Stern reason hides what many men should know.

Man has his portion, woman has her lot,
Strife comes between them and her lot is said;
Man wins the triumph by the battles fought,
And women win when men are kindly led.

We saw the ill where many looked on joy,
We felt the harm where many found the good;
We looked on evil through a world's alloy,
And sought for justice where no woman should.

Man has his portion, woman has her lot,
Each rise together, each together fall;
Better is home, though home without new thought
Than dwellings where a peerless mind is all.

Love is the magnet of a woman's plea,
Love is the weapon for a woman's skill;
Love without woman is what can never be,
Women without love is life's remorseless ill.

THIRD WOMAN.

There are essentials, like a vital essence,
In the fair molding of a woman true;
The mannish woman is an excrescence,
A non-essential to the woman new.

Forgiveness, patience, pity she has ever,
Sweet sympathy and gentleness abide
With woman true, the woman new is never
Earth's dearest creature, save, these blessings guide.

First Fire Eater.

Trash! trash!

Third Woman.

Have I the floor?

Second Fire Eater.

Trash! trash!

Third Woman.

I do not yield the floor.

Women.

She has the floor! sit down! sit down!

Third Fire Eater.

What nonsense this? My husband's law books will—

Third Woman,

I have the floor, and I will not sit down.

Women.

Speak! speak! sit down! sit down!

First Fire Eater.

For two score years my maiden heart has felt—

Pandemonium with fireworks is in order, after which the chorus sings.

CHORUS.

We women are not serious,
At times we are delirious
For woman's right—and then, we quite
Think rights would only weary us;
We are not awful mad,
We are not very bad,
For talk we must—you know, we trust,
Our club is but a fad.

Though we are man's inferior,
He thinks us his superior,
If we will feast the hungry beast
And fill up his interior.
And thus, we women quite
Sustain our peerless right,
Then at the club we rub, a-rub,
Uto our heart's delight.

We women will reflect,
That too much intellect
Makes beauty less, and loveliness
Is more than we expect;
Though faded is the rose,
Though we appear like crows,
Our caws, and laws, are just—because,
We women must suppose.

The session now is through,

Adieu—adieu—adieu,
Though old will we to-morrow be,
To-day are women new:
We are not very mad—
Too homely to be bad;
Yet, women we, must all agree
To cater to a fad.

Adieu—adieu—adieu,
The men shall live to rue
The hour that they, alack, the day,
Sat down on women new;
For sometime, voters we,
On handsome men agree,
And all you men shall tremble then.
For equals we shall be.

THE MICROBES.

First Microbe.

I, who have felt I am, disconsolate,
Have found myself a thought, one human thought,
Waiting the caprice of a human mind
To usher me into oblivion.

Second Microbe.

My comrade delves in strange philosophy,
Why should a microbe in such trouble be?

First Microbe.

The other day I chanced to fly along,
And on the winds I drifted with my dreams
Into a hall, and heard a human shout:—
There is no microbe here, save, in the mind.
I was entangled in a woman's skirts,
And yet, 'twas said that I was in a mind.

Second Microbe.

If you depended on a woman's mind
Your life was flickering in a changeful wind;
What human creature spoke the fiat thus?

First Microbe.

They called her scientist: Those prating ones,
Deluded to believe that mind supreme,
Casts thought projections into space, and we
Are but ill thoughts, to yield unto the good.

Second Microbe.

So thus our life on earth depends on what
The human creature thinks—we are—are not,
Thought in—thought out, until the human race
Thinks only good, thought microbes to efface.
By the thoughts smitten, did you quickly fall,
And find oblivion in the lecture hall?

First Microbe.

Not by her thoughts I fell. The woman brushed
Her skirts, and I, with myriads cast aside,
Strayed to the doorway down the passage wide;
Yet, there was something which did trouble me,
Implanted by the new philosophy.
The scientist observed:—Mind is supreme,
All else is subject to its fiat said;
Disease is phantom, microbes are disease,
All visions of the mind, to rule, until
Triumphant, peerless stands the power of will.
Down fall the phantoms and disease has fled,
The evil passes with the microbes dead;
Slain by a human thought, I fear that we
Before another hour shall cease to be.

And worse—I fear the universe is lost.
Man is a microbe on the rolling earth,
Earth is an atom in the universe,
Born at the fiat of Almighty Mind;
And we, though microscopic, have in us
A myriad microbes of a lesser plane.
If mind is all, and thought the fiat true,
We think the microbes in us gone—they go;
Man thinks we are no more—we are no more;

A greater mind forgets to think of man,
He passes like a dream. The Infinite
Forgets the worlds—forgets the universe,
Perhaps, this very hour we are no more—
We are a blank—all is a blank, except,
The Mind Supreme, which even blank itself,
Forgets to think us back, and may forget
To think the universe again in form.

Second Microbe.

We need not worry over such a fate.
If mind is all, and very substance is
Unreal as our dreams, we still are part
And parcel of the universal mind;
To blot us from it makes it incomplete,
For we are conscious that we are to-day.
If mind is all, and thought the fiat true,
And we are evil, thought is evil too;
The evil thoughts will evil microbes rear,
Bad men upraise, and evil worlds ordain,
Which must proclaim to all that Mind Supreme
Is evil, if it evil will sustain.
If mind is evil, evil has a place,
To blot it out would make mind incomplete,
And we will make mind think that microbes are,
The thoughts will form us, and we can not die.

First Microbe.

Then we by force of thought have lived for aye?

Second Microbe.

In truth, we have, and thus we ever will
Combat with will and can not pass away.
Ah, we are here; we form must have, and form

The universal mind projects with thought,
Clothes microbe thoughts with microbes, and the
thoughts
Of men with human bodies, and the worlds
Thought needs it has—thought in—thought never
out,
For we, and all are thinking for ourselves,
And all together think the universe.

First Microbe.

Then are we real, or are we only thoughts?

Second Microbe.

We are as real as men, as are the worlds,
The suns and stars, the mighty universe;
If substance is, then we a substance are
In the sum total of substantial things;
If mind is all, and very substance is
Unreal as are our dreams, we still are part
And parcel of the universal mind,
And we will make mind think that microbes are,
The thoughts will form us, be we good or ill.

Third Microbe.

Within that hall another human cried:—
Faith, faith is every need, the precious boon—
Look up, O fallen! See the healing star!
There are no microbes—look! behold! be well!

Second Microbe.

By the words smitten, did you quickly fall,
And find oblivion in the lecture hall?

Third Microbe.

Not by the words I fell. I was ensconced

Within the mantle of a poodle dog;
The dog took fright and fled with me away
Down the wide aisle unto the light of day.
Yet, there was something which did trouble me,
Implanted by the new philosophy.

Second Microbe.

And what was that?

Third Microbe.

But this:

The same old thing—unreal—unreal—unreal,
With faith the power every ill to heal.

Second Microbe.

What human creature uttered thus the law?

Third Microbe.

She too was scientist—those guileless ones
Who hold that faith is potent for all good;
They speak the word and ill has fled away,
They cast the thought and microbes all are dead.

Second Microbe.

We need not worry over such a fate:
If we are real, real must our foemen be,
And if unreal man needs no champion faith;
I chisel in a man, within an hour
I breed ten thousand offspring for my work;
Faith looks serene, I breed ten thousand more,
She calls to hope, hope smiles a sickly smile,
And foemen microbes which did battle me,
Sustained not, falter and then quickly flee.

Ah, visionary faith, and faithless will!

O hope forlorn, pale champions of a cause !
Against such captains I, victorious march,
And soon have won life's precious citadel.
All men have died, except, what soon shall die,
And death must have a cause. Faith has not saved,
Hope has not held up long the languid form,
Will fled away, and men have met their doom.
What is the cause? We, we alone the cause,
Have through the ages toiled unceasingly
To aid the spirit on its upward way,
From death apparent molding life anew;
And thus we toil, though men must live to rue.

Third Microbe.

The other day a doctor captured me,
Looked at me through a microscope, and cried:
It is! it is! The problem has been solved—
It is a microbe—deadly is its work.
Then round the table rushed his fellowmen,
My offspring squirmed and writhed, while I, alone,
Cast on the table looked in wonderment
Upon the doctors there on evil bent.
Some of my children fried upon a fire,
And some were boiled, some pickled, some did know
Such torture that to tell I now forego.
The soft air dried my wings, I flew away,
And hid beneath a plank to rest a day.

Soon came a man, an ugly man, and cried:
Clean up! clean up! the microbes are at work !
Then I was chased from place to place, and fumes,
Dread choking fumes rolled round me in a cloud;
I thought my time had come—I fled again,

Safe for an hour away from ugly men.

Second Microbe.

It seems that microbes need not make a fuss
Of universal mind absorbing us.

First Microbe.

That make us real; O happy is my fate,
I am no thought—although discovered late.

Third Microbe.

We are discovered, and in death are we,
The learned doctors merciless will be;
Fry, pickle, torture is our ruthless fate—
Clean up! clean up! we hear, and death await.

Second Microbe.

We need not worry over such a doom,
Too large is earth to feel the cleansing broom,
And man is shiftless, careless, vagrant, he
Will not clean up if filthy he can be;
While we, prolific, ceaselessly will toil,
And ever prosper in congenial soil.
Man is immune who dwells with us for years,
Man is our prey if stranger he appears;
The clean will perish where the sluggard lives,
And earth to humankind the sluggard gives.

The doctors are our friends as well as foes,
For oft they grant to man his last repose,
By sparing microbes which they ought to slay,
And killing those which could the ill allay.
Our foes are microbes, there the battle lies,
Faith, will and doctors oft are true men's disguise;

Air, food and rest will find us in retreat,
And nourished microbe foes make victory complete.

Air which is pure is more than faith and will,
And proper food is better than a pill;
Faith is supreme where health microbes are found,
Thought triumphs in a body well and sound;
Yet, we need fear not doctor, nor the seer,
While filthy men and fruitful soil are here.

First Microbe.

Life is the world the microbes battle in,
The victors triumph, and the vanquished win;
The battle through finds death a phantom fled,
And living microbes where appeared the dead.
We grant repose, we form the body new,
Release the soul when mortal life is through,
Take earth to earth, and toil with father Time,
To aid the soul upon its upward climb;
Ah man, think microbes not unreal nor ill,
For without us is neither thought nor will
In human creatures who with thoughts would kill.

THE REVEILLE.

SCENE Seat of State.

LIBERTY and CHORUS enters,

CHORUS.

The flag which we are bringing
Is that of Freedom bold,
The battle cry is ringing
On the sacred plains of old;
O queen of land and sea,
Fair ruler of the free,
The stars and stripes to thee unfold.

Let Chattanooga rally
With the thunders of alarm,
Let shore and hill and valley
Abide the nearing storm;
And goddess dear and fair,
Bid tyranny beware,
For the war is truly never a harm.

FAROKE and TILNO, Senators, enter,

Faroke.

I on the western plains a vision saw,
The travail of the battlefield, and birth
By force of cruel steel. You were the child,
Dear Liberty the idol of my heart,

Yet, soon will else usurp your power, and you
Shall seek the desert for another throne.

Liberty.

What! think you that my throne is to decay?
What war has given peace shall not take away.

Faroke.

Not take away, but canopy so well,
That blinded eyes can see where Freedom fell.

Tilno.

Where Freedom fell? Not yet, but soon to fall,
If guilty hearts an accusation need
To tell the hiding place of treasures delved
From public ground, where every gem should be
A well cut brilliant for the public weal.
Faroke beholds the canopy, and comes
From western plains to wake the roll of drums.

Liberty.

Why wake the roll? The nation rolls along,
Its wheels of trade propelled by gracious law,
And would you have it pause?

Tilno.

Not I,

In truth, I ween that peace no weal removes,
If wheels of trade revolve in honest grooves.

Faroke.

Ay, wheels oft rung and often compassed well,
With force reserved will well their course pursue,
And bear the heavy weight of government,
If honesty the lever holds—if not,
We soon discover that a box is hot.

CHORUS.

Bleak is the hour the odors of roses
Flee from the blast where winter reposes;
Anthem and flower the zephyr is keeping,
Far away, fast in the arborways sleeping.

Though the grim war is on cliffsides resounding,
Though the fell storm is from ramparts rebounding,
Like a fair star, the beacon lights burning,
Lull the alarm for love is returning.

Paths over hills lead up to a mountain,
Upward we climb if we drink from a fountain;
Trenching and fills mold the path of a nation,
All is sublime from a high elevation.

Man will arise, though man is for sorrow,
Sadness to-day is joy of to-morrow;
In the dark skies the vultures must hover,
Ere we will slay and justice recover.

Drear is the time when the frost on the bowers
Blasts the sweet breath of innocent flowers;
Life is a mime too often, O stranger,
Only with trials we wake a bold ranger.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The bold accuser comes,
He wakes the roll of drums,
And the Pearl upon the Sea
Will soon, will soon be free.

THE REVEILLE.

LIBERTY.

The Pearl upon the Sea
Will soon, will soon be free.

SEMI-CHORUS.

War—war—war,
The notes are borne afar,
On the foreign shore
Will sound the cannon's roar.

LIBERTY.

War—war—war,
Not a gallant star
Hides within the shroud
Of the purple cloud.

SCENE, ante-room of assembly hall.

MANNO, a senator, enters.

MANNO.

Down—down—down,
The people are a going;
Down—down—down,
The nation is a rowing
To the tune of the moon,
As she sweetly sings aboon,
Success of the mortal is in knowing.

I am a senator,
And money is my armor;
Who cares for Foraker,
He caters to the farmer:
Down—down—down,
In the village and the town,
I only and ever am the charmer.

If the laborers will sigh,
I give them all protection;
If money will buy
I hold them on election;
But the man who will plan,
And cross the Rapidan
To the tune of the moon is my selection.

I am a king uncrowned,
A power behind the mansion,
And all the wealth around
Finds me a peerless stanchion;
I reap as I sleep,
But in the council deep
My worry, my terror is expansion.

TILNO and FAROKE, Senators, enter.

Tilno.

Ah, here is Manno happy as the hour.

Faroke.

Not happy as the hour, or he would be
Like one upon a chartless ship asea.

Tilno.

In truth, he sings; can you account for that?

Faroke.

Account? It seems I heard the rafters creak,
As if a modern Sampson, yet unshorn,
With each arm grasped a pile; Thus swayed a dome
When Nero, or the Devil, sang in Rome.
to Manno.

Well Manno, have you heard the news?

Manno.

What news?

Faroke.

It is decreed that war shall rule the land,
And every man, though senator he be,
Shall moisten stamps, or fight the wily Dons;

Tilno.

Or coupons cut from newly purchased bonds.

Manno.

'Tis truly news, though not the last is new;
The only thing for which we are prepared.
War can not be, it will not, must not come;
I'll seek the mansion, there my power is some.

FAROKE and TILNO exit.

Manno.

Fate, adverse fate, unkind to me this hour!
Must war's stern ravage waste my prosperous fields?
Lay waste my treasures? O my buttercups,
How oft at dewy morn I watched your lips
Meet the fair sunshine, as the robin sang:—
Worms! worms!—and gazed upon your forms
Shrined in the safe deposit of my heart.
How oft at noonday bright my scissors cut
Your golden leaves, and twined a coupon wreath,
Which on my brow did whisper:—You are king—

Still the red robin on its perch did sing;

Magicians wily waved their hands and cried:—
Come margarites, sweet margarites to-day!
Dark sorcerers with mystic runes exclaimed:—
White flowers, clothe the fields! Then winds, ay
winds,

Cast burdock, fennel, hybrid seeds, and all
In fell confusion on my field appeared.
Like a bold husbandman awake, alert
To combat all and everything, and down,
Barbed wires I placed, wind fences set,
From morn till night unceasing toiled, and won,
With hybrid, white and paper weeds undone.
Then smiled my buttercups on me, and shone
The sunlight on their cheeks, as I would pause,
Perhaps, to cut a petal from their gold,
Perchance, to count the blossoms new around,
And weave new wreathlets for a fading crown.
Ah, flowers as figures suit me not; let gold,
Pigs, iron, wheat, more practical to me,
Be symbol of my will—here comes my man.

URSUS, VERSUS, SHARX and other Senators, enter.

Versus.

Here Manno great, who longs to wear a crown,
Alone within his chamber bears a frown.

Ursus.

'Tis but the thoughts maneuvering in his brain,
Which seek like battleships a vantage gain,
Ere comes the strife—beware, he shoots at you,
That ten inch gun beneath his nose is true.

Versus.

He is a cruiser, paramount in speed,
Protected, armored, fit for every need;
To smokeless powder burns his ardent fuse,
The shell explodes and Manno has his dues;
His dues? The devil gains another prize,
His last, his best, until dear Manno dies.

Ursus.

Beware! If paramount let him be friend,
Until my sly torpedo makes him bend;
I'll pose a dispatch, gently circle down,
And soon discover why he wears a frown.

Manno,

My colleague, Ursus, shake; the senators
Now with you sit by me. The day is well,
And night with starlight robes our cosy homes
If we together act. This is the news.
It is decreed by riffraffs, minions, fools,
Who bow before that wooden image perched
Upon our capitol, and pray for what
They would lament, that foreign war shall be;
That we no more may mark the paths on which
A nation treads. Than we no more may make
Its history, nor grant its true deserts.
The farmer asks, the toiler now demands
A compensation just, and tradesmen who
Have stood by us throughout the bounteous past,
Now cry for war—war for their benefit,
With hope to change a market now controlled.
'Tis treachery, and in our council hall
It will burst forth in one tempestuous surge

To balk us, bear us on its frenzied wave
Unto the rocks where wrecks of nations lie.
If we together stand, we push it back,
For we have much of which the minions lack.

Versus.

'Tis time for thought; in truth, if war shall be,
The corner breaks, and we are much asea.

Ursus.

Asea? I think, if pirates legalized,
We find in plenty what we long have prized.

Manno,

O senator, why thus?

Ursus.

For war

Is wreck to much, and we famed wreckers are.

Sharx.

And although much it may ordain for toil,
A million times it aids the hand for spoil.

Manno.

My senators, a truce; each speak his will,
And all together seek a people's good;
A nation is a comet in the sky,
With orbit varied, yet, with onward course,
Held by the nucleus of unerring will.
The tail, conglomerate of cosmic dust,
Lead by inherent brightness of the head,
Trains up behind majestic, and the whole
Sweeps round the orb which rules the universe.
By fair attraction, peaceful forces borne,
It brightly glows, and will the skies adorn;
By war's reverse it soon is rent in twain,

Or captive bound to red the airy main.

As heavenly fire consists of many jets
Commingled, blended, so that distance lends
To it the pureness of one living ray,
Our orb has many jets, each senator
A living beam to light it to its goal.
In perihelion we, with nucleus brains,
The weighty brains of senators to-day.
In peace we speed triumphant on, and on,
While lesser countries, asteroids, behold
Our grandeur, glory, merge themselves in us,
Enlarging our victorious conclave.

Let conquest be by commerce, not with lead,
And cosmic dust will follow brains, the head;
Then wealth, the fuel fit for every need,
Will radiate in heat and bid us speed;
But strife revolves the tail, the minions rise,
And many dots illumine for an hour,
To burn and cool and fade, and quickly be
But unlit meteors on a sunless deep.
I am for peace—our comet is controlled,
Let us continue well the tail to hold.

Ursus.

Great are the senators—behold our brows,
Where minds of gods the human brains espouse.

Versus.

Or, else perceive the swine which loudly squeal,
Because they hunger for a morning meal.

Sharx.

Ha! ha! In truth, no senator would fail

To raise a welcome to the laden pail.

Manno.

A truce again—be serious.

Versus.

And we,

Ere meets the council frankly will agree.

Ursus.

I am for war.

Manno.

Why so?

Ursus.

For this alone;

War's preparation will not be amiss

To fill an empty purse, perhaps, to loose

Some antiquated hulks upon our foes;

Absorb the surplus, orders place, make room

For patriotism and another boom.

Sharx.

Well said, well done; I place my vote for war,

My client's worthless stocks this day are par.

Versus.

And thus I vote—but stay. The surplus gone,

Whence comes the coin to buy?

Sharx.

We have the bond.

Versus.

Ah, fertile mind! Let war lay waste our land,

The nation's call will further bonds demand.

The Senators in caucus ballot.

Ursus.

Well we have voted, when the Reveille

Rings on the plain, in foremost ranks are we.

Sharx.

To talk, not fight; no senator would stay
Where bullets fly, if he could be away.

Ursus.

I thus am misconstrued. Within the halls
Of Congress, Liberty, as queen of old,
Will call for men. Are truly we to sit
Enrobed in frowns, or palsied, hear her praise?
Nay! Senators, if freedom rings, our hats,
High in the reeking air exultant rise,
And songs, dear songs we loudly will acclaim.
Let war—a righteous war—not conquest, be
The outward sign and all is harmony;
Thus in the foremost ranks, the deed begun,
We find laudation, and our work is done.

Sharx.

Not done?

Manno.

I think undone.

Versus.

Two mighty minds where seems a gulf between.
I'll span the chasm with an argument
Upheld by piers of sweet diplomacy,
And every thought conflicting here will find
A golden chariot to its cherished goal.
Think, senators—all deeply think, and speak
No word until an inmost thought is yours.

Senators.

Gold! gold!

Versus.

In truth, that is the span,
The piers are sweet diplomacy, and we
In golden chariots ride, but not to war.
Raise high our emblems, ring the loud acclaim,
The Reveille is sounding on the plain.

SHARX.

Ay, Freedom you are fair, and holy war
Is great to those who in an office are.

The senators exit., TILNO, a senator, enters.

TILNO.

I am a senator
Who sets the hall on fire,
I am like a towering fir
Which grows, and grows, till higher
Than all surrounding trees,
It waves in heaven's own breeze—
I wake the morn and bid the day expire.

I am an errant bold
From Carolina station,
I view the crimes of old
From a peerless elevation;
And though a jolly fellow,
I turn the ether yellow;
I'm the terror of the president's relation.

I swing my pitchfork high,
And the fiery tongs will glisten;
I cast my sleepless eye
On the senators who listen,

And the covert plans begun
Are very rarely done,
For the daring accuser has risen.

Come—come—come,
O caucus men with scheming;
If liberty is dumb,
The yoemen are not dreaming,
For the country's firm foundation
Is the glory of the nation;
And the eagle from its aerie is screaming.

FAROKE, a senator, enters.

Faroke.

Thus Tilno courts the muse; the warlike queen
In much dismay has left her favorite scene.

Tilno.

What? Left this hall where warring is with words?
Minerva comes not unto purile herds.
I court the muse, for festive meter tends
Sometimes to burlesque, satire at the ends.

Faroke.

Then ends may strike, and precious brains, the
head,
Will find a tail alive when they are dead.

Tilno.

Not satire was my verse; I simply mused
A moment, while the caucus session held,
To change, perhaps, the owner of a farm,
Or make some one dictator of a town;
Do you not know post masters must be made,
And consulates at two cents daily pay?

Who cares for else? A million men may die,
But fertile soil will breed a million more.

Faroke.

You have forgot the sinking of our ship.

Tilno.

Hush! hush! that hurts the price of bonds.

SHARX, a senator, enters.

Sharx

'Tis done—'tis done—the precious boom is on,
The noble senate unto war has gone.

Faroke.

Before the vote—why thus?

Tilno.

Before the hour
Of fiery speech and argument—why thus?

Sharx.

I in the caucus cast my ballot true
For premium bonds; some cast for hulks to sell,
Or find supplies at famous price, and some
Because the devil told them to. Ah, senators,
You are not heroes, for you missed the vote.

The senators exit.

SCENE, Seat of State.

LIBERTY, a Goddess, with CHORUSES, enters.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Earth renewed by frost and cold
Will produce a double fold;
Man enrobed with ill and care,
For his portion will prepare.

SEMI-CHORUS

Comes the night, it bids us sleep,
Sleep to wake, and wake to weep,
If we rise not hardy, true,
Manfully our work to do.

LIBERTY.

Men, like lions, blood are fed,
If they must their brothers rend;
Men like sheep are sometimes led,
Sheep can not my realms defend.

I must have the lion's whelp
Battling for my standard fair,
I must hear the blood hound's yelp
Bidding tyranny beware.

Think not, I, of gentle mold,
Court a king's diplomatic ways,
Fearless hands my standard hold,
Hardy arms my bulwarks raise.

Come, O men of peerless worth,
Come, around my banner stand;
Unto our enlightened earth
Freedom gives another land.

CHORUS.

Liberty! Liberty!
Rise upon the plain;
Liberty! Liberty!

Sounds the glad refrain;
Like a brightening shaft of dawn,
Telling man the night is gone,
Speed across the main.

Liberty! Liberty!
From your peerless state
Speak a struggling people free,
Cast the dye of fate.
Loudly rings the war's acclaim,
Thunder's roll and lightning's flame
Purer airs create.

Liberty.

Call forth the yeomen, bid the ranks enroll,
And bear a nation proudly to its goal.
Who first will volunteer?

Voices from without.

I, I.

Liberty.

How sweet to hear that faithful utterance,
Although they die. Let each alone come in,
But perfect men can aid my cause to win.

SXARX, a senator, enters.

SHARX.

I am the first, but not the worst
To volunteer, to volunteer;
My emblem high in a starry sky
I wave without a fear.
Accept me as I am,
A general—a general
Who is not worth a damn,

And I will boom the golden flume
Which gladdens Uncle Sam.

VERSUS, a senator, enters.

VERSUS.

Hail—hail—O hail,
A knight in peerless mail,
Who comes to thee, O Liberty,
And dares the hurtling gale;
My limbs encased in gold,
Will bar exposure's cold,
And in my spacious vest
I have a medicine chest.
I list my name for strife,
I freely give my life
Ever to ride on a golden tide,
Away from the foemen's knife.

As quartermaster true
I would my purse renew,
And beef enbalm in an odorous calm,
Though the army eats to rue.
I have a ship asea,
Its sides may rotten be,
And a market cornered well,
With pleasure I would sell.
Accept me if you may
At a quartermaster's pay,
And I will sing to the cheer I bring,
And ever home will stay.

BLUEBLOOD, a senator, enters.

BLUEBLOOD.

Behold the country's gain,
Blue blood in every vein,
Our sires were poor, but of rich manure
From o'er Atlantic's main;
They delved the fertile ground,
And peerless riches found,
And gladly now to the title bow
Of Count Robust and Round.

We are no count to-day,
Yet, in our childhood's play
We battles fought, and well were taught
Full many pies to slay.
O give to us command,
With a saber in each hand
We slay anew as in childhood true,
Though famished is our band.
Thrice swing the fiery blades on high,
And cleave a pie, though yoemen die,
Thrice triumph won is every day,
And smoking roast beef warms the fray.

MANNO, a senator, enters.

MANNO.

A commodore, a commodore,
Will volunteer to day;
A commodore, a commodore,
Who on the land will stay.
The bounding of the angry seas

My valiant heart would never please,
But if the ship of state I sail,
My countenance is never pale.

I set the sails as blows the wind,
And every breeze to me is kind;
If from astern will come the air
I heave ahead and all is fair,
If from ahead will blow the gale
We drift astern with every sail;
If shoals arise the lines are cast,
And we will fish till they are past.

As commodore, as commodore,
I serve my country well,
What I have done the years before,
My emblem fair will tell;
The bird upon its stately perch
Will sit serene at every lurch,
And if the vessel founders we
In safety on the land will be.

Liberty.

A buzzard !

Chorus.

A buzzard !

Liberty.

Enough of this; let those alone who fight
Come forward firmly to defend my right.

YOEMEN enter.

YOEMEN.

O Goddess fair, we come to thee,

Our hearts are true, our lives are thine,
Thou choosest from the land and sea
The jewels for thy shrine;
Let war's resound awake the hill,
Let thunder's roll the valley fill,
We come, thy vassels true to be,
Behold thine own, O Liberty.

Fresh from the mart we gladly haste
To bivouac upon the waste,
The deep defile to charge across,
And reckon not the gain or loss;
The yoemen's gain is triumph thine,
With gory weapons for thy shrine,
For ambuscades and breastworks dire
Shall fall before our ardent fire.

We come to thee, we come to-day,
That ever may thy scepter sway
Upon a foreign land, and bear
A proclamation everywhere—
Proclaim of freedom unto all,
The hovel, home, the court and hall;
As yoemen true we bow to thee,
Behold thine own, O Liberty.

LIBERTY.

Mine own, mine own, my faithful band,
Proud habitants of freedom's land,
I take thee, and my blessing give—
In thee and thine shall freedom live;
Enlist among the ranks of right,
And valor cleaves the walls of night.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hail the flag, the emblem fair!
Hail the flag of beauty rare!
Sing the glad acclaim for aye,
Sing oppression's doom to-day.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hail to thee, O sons of glory!
Let the battle tell the story;
Triumph comes, the foemen die,
Death alone can freedom buy.

CHORUS.

Proud land, proud nation, freely bring
Thy heart's own sacred offering;
Thy sons must faint, and fall, and die,
And mothers weep and daughters sigh.

Beneath a foreign mold will rest
The youthful forms by thee caressed;
In sleep unbroken, there alone
They lie forgotten and unknown.

Ah! Life is not our own to keep,
Man armor clad awakes from sleep,
And fair the hour if death will be
The omen of thy victory.

YOEMEN.

'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!
We are going to the war;

'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!
Will rise another star;
And the heavens will glow
With the beacon lights which flow
From the mountains of Cuba afar.

Let the paeon ring
The call upon the main,
Let the bugle bring
The riders from the plain;
And the drum beat will be
The glorious reveille,
As forming we battle again.

Let the vapors curl
Around the foemen's lair,
Let the flag unfurl
Upon the sultry air;
We will march on and slay,
And cleave a fearless way,
Until our own colors are there.

'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!
We are going to the war;
'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!
We soon in battle are;
And our paeans will ring,
When the flying bullets sing
Around us in Cuba afar.

THE PILGRIMS.

SCENE, the moon, on which ALASTOR and
AZRAEL, two devils, are in conversation.

Alastor.

The earth's affairs much trouble me of late,
No simple folly fills the human pate;
In truth, I think the angels are at work
To join the hands of Christian and the Turk.

Azrael.

Why should Alastor thus bemean the plain,
Where every mortal dies the Devil's gain?

Alastor.

For us is something very wrong, indeed;
The world's great fair the human has been taught,
Which I thought well, until, a city there
Proposed a meet and congress of the creeds;
The fair was held, the congress met and talked,
Dissolved as gently as if summer rain,
And resolutions passed to meet again.

Azrael.

Why should Alastor thus bewail the meet,
Which was a Dead Sea apple, not to eat?

I think the ragtime and the muscle dance
Drew greater crowds upon the grand plaisance.

Alastor.

In truth, they did; but as I think of times
When lion Richard and fierce Saladin
Cried Turk and Christian dog, and sent to hell
Each others cohorts for the sake of heaven,
And then beheld this meet—this social meet,
It makes me think the angels are at work;
And what is more, they are to meet again,
To talk on creeds, and see the flying ships,
Take in the midway, and I now suppose
They will not break a lance, nor smash a nose.

Azrael.

I see—I see what makes Alastor sad,
Afraid that men are better, although bad;
Let's go to Sirius, or to Alcyone,
There sterner stuff we find than flesh and bone;

Alastor.

Nay, here is sport. My plan is this; when meets
The congress of the creeds, we take the side
Of one, and aid it with our wisdom sound,
To show the rest their creeds will never work.
Which will we choose? My choice would be the
Turk.

Azrael.

To pose a Turk, and hear the crier say,
'Allah, good Allah,' thrice in every day,
And leave the harem for the servile prayer—
True devil could not be a devil there.

Alastor.

Then be a Turk, remember but the law;
Pray with the lips to Allah and withdraw.

Azrael.

Ah, let me choose again.

Alastor.

Then let us pose as Hindoos at the meet,
While portions of Zend Veda we repeat.

Azrael.

To pose a Hindoo, sit on pointed nails,
Stand on my head, lash me with cutting flails,
Starve, thirst, go naked for Nirvana fair—
True devil could not be a devil there.

Alastor.

Then be a Hindoo, do it for the purse,
Fame, cast, position, do it though for worse.

Azrael.

Ah, let me choose again.

Alastor.

Then let us go as Christians to the fair,
And tell the story of the prophets there.

Azrael.

To be a Christian? Well, proclaim the kind,
I think a myriad sects we there shall find.

Alastor.

Truth, that indeed; perhaps, it might be well
For every sect its fairy tale to tell,
That we, as great agnostics, point with scorn
To each defect, and blast each hope forlorn.

Azrael.

Well said, Alastor, devil true you are,

And at the meet will be a peerless star;
Let us rehearse the follies of each sect,
That we prepared, defy the bold elect.

Alastor.

Then hear the strains of my agnostic lyre.
When the deep organ and the gifted choir
Laudamas thunders to the temple spire,
Clang the loud bells, and bob and bow the priests,
Like Revelation's fierce, yet servile beasts.
Come the great throngs and dip their fingers in
The holy water cleansing them from sin,
Or at the alter they forgiveness ask
Of human creatures hid within a mask;
Passed has the soul the body did illumine,
And priests for purses pray it from its doom.

When bonnet plumes wave at the Christmas tide,
Up the wide aisle the throngs to anthems glide,
And hear the preacher say that every one
Who was not souzed has unto hades gone;
None have a portion in the heavenly lot,
Save, by the neck by man relentless caught,
Thrust in a pool, until toes kick the air.
Then bobs the head serene and all is fair.
Vale, sprinkling pot—vale, fingers wet on brows;
Those thus baptized the devil must espouse.

When silken skirts are rustling to the strains
Which tap Te Deum on the window panes,
The presbyter shouts:—Predestined, some shall die,
And go to hell, and some to heaven fly.
He cries:—All to be saved are God's elect,

And all the rest the Devil must expect;
Then rustling silk enrobes elected souls,
With nose held high the graceful body strolls
Down the wide aisle—none there can go to hell,
And none outside can miss it very well.

When at the pulpit fumes the preacher bold,
And round the alter crowd the young and old,
To tremble as the speaker points the scene,
Proclaiming hell fire and the pitchfork keen;
The Devil hoofed and horned, and sinners tined,
With tortured senses, and with sleepless mind,
Frying forever on damnation's coals,
He cries:—Such is the lot of sin lost souls.
The souls with trembling pass adown the aisle,
Safe for an hour, away the hour to while.

Azrael.

In truth, I think that they should lead the list,
The Devil's foe is still the Methodist.

Alastor.

Still, there are others.

Azrael.

Ah, be not a fool,
Be not agnostic of the earthly school;
'Tis folly to break down, upbuild we should
Some theory so plausible of good,
So contra to their creeds that man shall see
In all their theories depravity.
Prove that the churches labor in a dream,
Prove the agnostic speaks the truth supreme;
Prove silly, evil every Christian sect;
Let us rehearse and smite the bold elect.

It is not well to strike the weakest spot,
Break down the pillars and the walls are not;
Bore in the deep foundation, place the fuse,
Explode the charge, the temple has its dues;
If fallacy upholds it, down it goes,
On what foundation does the church repose?

Alastor.

Thus you mistake me. We agnostics stand,
And not wise devils in a Christian land;
We speak to fools; we touch the brainless head,
And wait the vacant laugh on what is said.

Azrael.

Then this is sport. Place in the charge, and I
Will light the fuse, and bid the splinters fly.

Alastor.

Here is the first, mark well the merit now.
When Miss Gorilla of the land of Nod,
Encharmed the sinful tiller of the sod,
Did negligee, or artful evening dress
Make fleeing Cain to her his love confess?

Azrael.

That argument is like the Age of Reason,
For neither is unto the Devil treason.

Alastor.

Here is my second, here the wisdom see,
With Moses dead and buried, how could he
Write all about it for posterity?

Azrael.

If that is all your powder, it has met
One drop of water and is very wet.

Alastor.

What? Do you mean to say that at the meet
Mistakes of Moses I shall not repeat?
Be serious; I as agnostic bite—
Jump! Azrael, jump! Here is my third delight.
Upon the way the ass of Balaam balked,
When Balaam smote, the ass unto him talked;
There truly was a wise and foolish ass;
Which was the foolish—Balaam bucked to grass.

Azrael.

I will be serious, though tried for treason,
Earth has no folly like agnostic reason.
Prove mercy, patience, hope and love are naught,
Prove brotherhood of man a passing thought;
Break down their pillars and upbuild our own,
Speak the bold word and plant the corner stone.

Alastor.

Then take frog-feasted Volney's precious Ruins,
And mold man from a race of vanished bruins,
Or what his Secret Power might well avail;
I think of bruins, for they have no tail.
Invoke the sepuchures and silent walls,
Then wait until the all wise Genius calls.
Cry out:—O tombs, appal the tyrant's heart!
Fly, coward steps! speeds wisdom's fatal dart!
Cast down the spirit to earth's compost heap,
There to ferment. the Secret Power to steep;
Build from the compost all religion's then,
And show the Christians they are silly men.
First make man tremble at the elements,
Then blinded, fearful see the stars' intents;
Soon build up idols for a passing hour,

And then proclaim the dualistic power.
Bring forth Osiris, day, and Typhon, night,
Then Chiven, dark, and Brahma, pure and bright;
Then great Jehovah, lord of land and seas,
And then the Ormuzd and Ahrimines.
From these bring forth Elohim, God to be,
Until the Christ proclaimed the Trinity.
Thus bruin-man first looked upon a fire
Which warmed his body and made soul aspire,
Then from the fire he built the gods which fell—
Thus heaven will fall, and now is falling hell.

Azrael.

Where would we devils stand if hell would fall?

Alastor.

Where Volney stood when he had written all
About his universe, his ink was spilt;
He only stood on what religions built.

Azrael.

I see; agnostics can not build, nor mend,
Like fish, they jump and bite, and then descend;
The priests, like birds may try to soar, but fish
Are well contented in their earthly dish.

Alastor.

Then we as critics and the scientists
Against the creeds will enter in the lists.

Azrael.

It is not worth it, for their colored lore
Like vapor dissipates and is no more;
They preach alone for purse, and seek to smash
Another's cloud bank for their lightning flash.

Alastor.

In very truth, if I on earth did work,

'Twould be with higher critic, not with Turk.
Now for the sport; whose champions are we?
It seems the wise Azrael is asea.

Azrael.

Asea I am upon my ship, the moon;
Down there the earth looks like a big balloon,
A bag of human gas, where every sect
Blows at another one a sad defect.
Be serious—build up, not overthrow;
Proclaim the theme and to the fair we go.

Alastor.

It can not be. I played a devil well,
And not a pillar of Christ's temple fell;
Ah, now I have it; at the fair we find
The Christ forgotten and the church a blind;
The Turk will mumble and will count his gain,
The Hindoo pray for favors with his pain,
The critic question and agnostic smile,
While we, disguised, will listen and beguile;
Still, I will know the angels are at work,
If strife awakes not Christian and the Turk.

Azrael.

Unto the meeting of the many creeds,
The storm of words and not a breath of deeds,
We go—we go and find dear company,
For truly many devils there we be.

SCENE, the world's great Exposition at St. Louis.

ALASTOR and AZRAEL, disguised as men, enter.

Alastor.

Here is the fair, and it is fair indeed,
For strangers we, find strangers everywhere,
Like midgets rushing where gods might beware,
But devils willingly the pilgrims lead.
O flying ships are wheeling in the sky,
Man has to be no angel now to fly;
Think you it will affect the cherished creed?

Azrael.

I think it would, if man could live for aye,
Or sail upon a flying ship away;
But from the route his spirit takes, he seems
To think his wings will be soon ended dreams.
That is the reason why he looks to creeds,
They promise wings on which he onward speeds.

Alastor.

O how the mites of earth are rushing past!
Ow! ow! my mortal foot is in a clasp!
Wow! wow! I'm elbowed by a barbarous Turk!
Look out! what's that? Sulphur I smell at work.

Azrael.

You smell but gasoline. That only is
An automobile by the prophets told
To race upon the streets in latter days.
See how the midgets flee! I'll warrant now
Some Christian guides it, and his gasoline
Will change to sulphur in another scene.

Alastor.

If he takes that to hell Beelzebub
Will leave his palace for a sophist's tub;
O how the devils frantically would hike
When the first auto turned the sulphur pike.

Azrael.

Among the throng a Hindoo now I see.

Alastor.

Let's question him, of service he may be.
Hail! Fellow friend, from distant mountains wild
An adept greets you; Brahma's sacred child
Three score of times reincarnated stands,
Loosed almost from the rusting mortal bands;
I look upon you, yet, I gaze afar,
Though earth is mine an hour, still, star on star
My soul inhabits, and Nirvana fair
Is mine to-morrow—adept, I am there.
What wondrous being do I stand before?

Pilgrim.

I am a pilgrim. I within the wild
Have dwelt with nature like a simple child,
Drank from the rivers of serenest thought,
Delved in her secrets, yet, remained untaught;
And here have come to bide the meet of creed,
My simple soul on wisdom thus to feed;
I greet you masters—I am child indeed.

Alastor.

Friend, fellow friend, no simple child are you,
The astral light upon your brow is blue;
The breath exhaling from your lips is red,
Twin colors wreathing glory o'er your head,
Wreathing the halo of the Trinity;

Blue, red and gold—immortal you shall be.

Azrael.

Well said, indeed; the colors mystify,
Proclaim us wise—no wonder fakirs find
An easy living from the fool mankind.

Alastor.

We from our chosen haunts have come afar
To cleave for you the sullen shroud of night—
Come with us friend, we guide your steps aright.

Pilgrim.

I follow, masters—I would find the light.

Alastor.

Behold the great procession in the street,
The shining weapons—hear the tramp of feet.

Azrael.

Ay, they are Christians; holy are their ways,
Much like Jehovah's host in early days.

Alastor.

Where are the Turks? Now we shall triumph win;
Rise up fell Richard and fierce Saladin.

Azrael.

The times have changed; for Turk and Christian dog
Have merged into the Anglo-Saxon hog.
It happened thus. When dog eat dog, unknown
To mongrel curs, the earth appeared a bone
With tainted flesh, and Turk, without ado
Upon the Christian end began to chew;
The Christian, though less rotten than to-day,
Made the Turk sick. and he is sick to stay.
Then learning rose, and dog, a reckless cur,
Through civilization changed, till hog it were,

Changed by the process of an evolution,
Without a missing link to bar solution.
Thus known, named Anglo-Saxon, he alone
By holy war intends to hog the bone.

Alastor.

Ah me! I know the angels are at work,
Lost is our cause if helpless is the Turk.

Azrael.

Think not our cause is lost. O there I see
A higher critic.

Alastor.

Useful he may be.

Hail, critic soul, poetic and sublime!
A comrade greets you. We, beyond compeer,
Stand on the pinnacle of thought, and breathe
The breath of wisdom on night shrouded souls.
We rent the fable of six thousand years,
We found the kerosene Elijah cast
Upon the alter ere he touched the match.
We hold unvarying law, and find the good
Where worth and wisdom speak, but see the bad
Where patriarchs begat—begat—begat,
And their fair heifers lived alone for that.

Laud the great church where pews bring princely
price,

Laud the dear women and the noble men,
Who fable cast to fable, and would hear
About the last divorce; or faithless wife.
We fill the pews, we take the dollars in,
Take in all else we can, and find the sin,
If we must find—yet, quickly cover it

Like charity, for critics dare not lose
 The yearly purchase of the princely pews.
 What noble being do I stand before?

Pilgrim.

I am a pilgrim. I the by-ways trod,
 And looked on love as symbol of my God.
 I sought the needy, and I led the blind,
 And sympathy have felt for human kind;
 Yet, here have come to bide the meet of creed,
 My simple soul on wisdom thus to feed;
 I greet you teachers—I am child, indeed.

Alastor.

Let by-ways ever with the by-ways be,
 Beyond, above is sweetest harmony;
 The by-ways lead unto the spoiler's den,
 The costly churches hold the honest men—
 The honest men? The phrase I emphasize—
 Come charity—sweet charity, arise.

Azrael.

Well for the costly church the advent stays,
 Or broken pews would lie upon the floor.
 And honest men make headway for the door.

Alastor.

Peace—peace, be still!—Come with us friend, the
 light
 The higher critic casts will guide aright
 Your steps—you wander in a world of night.

First Pilgrim.

I thought you Brahma's child?

Alastor.

Peace—peace, be still!

This very hour reincarnated, I
Stand higher critic—Brahma's child did die.
Come with us friend, the by-ways leave behind.

Second Pilgrim.

I follow, teachers—truly I was blind.

Alastor.

Behold! behold the vision in the skies!

Pilgrims.

We nothing there behold.

Alastor.

It quickly nears—

O how the multitude now upward leers,
With nose held high man points the vacant air,
Because he sees fool pilgrims gazing there.

Azrael.

Like grazing cows the human creatures seem,
When some intruder breaks a pasture dream.

Alastor.

They have not mind of cows, for cows are led
To look on something, they prefer the red
Of women's skirts.

Azrael.

So manlike this, I find

Cows are the missing link for humankind.

Alastor.

In truth, I think it. Where the man to-day,
Who would not turn aside his chosen way
To look on woman's skirts, if skirts would show
Two dainty ankles 'neath her furbelow.

Azrael.

Ay, cows and men are like, with equal sense,

And woman happy, if across a fence
She sees them; though, as for the men,
She wonders when they'll turn and look again.
There is a curest. See his thoughts project,
He's curing some one through his intellect;
Enlist him now to smite the bold elect.

Alastor.

Hail scientist! affinity of mind
Bids us together meet, and thus commune
In realms beyond the prosy human plane.
With eyes of faith I looked across the land,
I saw your thoughts project like stellar rays,
To part the mists, and light the night of sin,
And cast the phantoms of disease in void.
In other lands, upheld by faith and will.
I like a Titan toiled, my thoughts were cast
Like shells of lyddite on my foe disease—
The shells exploded and disease was gone.

My strength increased. To aid the human race,
When railways wished a tunnel through a wall,
I hurled a thought, it pierced the granite rock,
And trains ran through the tunnel by me made.
If peasantry longed for a farm, where rose
Some hoary mountain, I, with potent glance
Spoke the bold word; the mountain from the plain
Rose in the air and fell into the sea;
And here I come, that if this gracious fair
Desires some mightier hall, to aid the cause,
I rub my lamp of faith, project the thought,
And like Aladdin see my structure rise—
Great scientist put off your strange disguise.

Azrael.

Great scientist speak out the hidden lore;
What wondrous being do we stand before?

Pilgrim.

I am a pilgrim. I from den and slum
Unto the meeting of the creeds have come;
I sought the sinful and I spoke the Word,
Spoke words of kindness and the fallen heard,
Taught mercy as I mercy would attain,
Took up the cross to cleanse the slums of stain;
Yet, here have come to bide the meet of creed,
My simple soul on wisdom thus to feed.

Azrael.

I know the man; Salvation's army he
Led with the cornet on the enemy:
Such discord rose that every one in revel
Fled from the blast as if they heard the Devil.
He has committed the unpardonable sin,
No angel could forgive his hideous din.

Alastor.

Peace—peace, be still! Let every slum and den
Be set apart to hold the evil men;
Faith potent is to save them with a thought,
Or cast them down to regions safe and hot.
Behold my power! Mount Hood, rise from the west,
Soar o'er the deserts—drop—drop—come down!
Glow with Missouri's sunlight on your crest,
Cool the parched valley and the sultry town.
Ah! there it is. I see Mazamas climb
The snowy summit for the view sublime—
Not for the view, they climb to have each name
Placed in the Oregonian's roll of fame.

Azrael.

O how can Portland on Willamette bear
To lose its pride, Mount Hood without compare?

Alastor.

You know the place? It is a model city—
At least, a model, for without a pity
Unto us devils, it was chosen well,
When Prince a model wanted down in hell.
Of all earth's cities—Ah! you know the place?
It won the prize, though worthy was the race.

Azrael.

I know the city. There I knew a poet;
He had a horn, but knew not how to blow it.
A serious fellow, though he lied about us
In Armageddon where the angels rout us.

Alastor.

Ay, there the mountain stands. Back—back—
begone!
Behold my power! Mount Hood again returns,
Columbia's sunrise on its summit burns.

Pilgrims.

We saw it not.

Alastor.

Then look upon the skies.

Pilgrims.

We see an air ship slowly fall and rise,
It circles in majestic lines, and seems
A living creature.

Azrael.

Ay, the prophet's dreams
Are true. Ezekiel by the Chebar found

Missouri's air ships flying with the sound
Of whirring wheels, and wings' refulgent rays
Shine out the vision of the latter days.
There is our man, for he, a medium,
Unto the multitudes stands deaf and dumb;
Let's wake him, for he useful may become.

Alastor.

Hail glorious man with mediumistic power !
A seer greets you; I with spirits famed
In classic lore and legendary strife,
Communion hold, and we, as man to man,
Talk on the themes which every mortal knows.
Before me warriors rise with arms lopped off,
One legged men who met some moving train,
With spirits whole, yet, maimed in spirit form,
Gyrate around me when I say the word.
There strides the cavalier with saber drawn,
There preachers gowned read from their chosen
book,
There children bring sweet flowers from the field,
There women pass in gentle promenade;
All clothed in robes they wore on earth—in robes
Immortal as themselves. The savage reared
In nakedness comes not unto my call,
For angel tailors make no earthly robes,
And he from earth took none to clothe his form.

Ah ! spirits grand in intellect, as grand
As human idiots, proclaim themselves
As Caesar great, or Cicero, or who
I talk about, or read about, and if
Congenial friends encircle me, I find

As many idiots in spirit life
As fools around me are. Great Homer's ghost
Might tell me what I know, what I would know
It could not tell; so I, to learn the more,
Delve in earth's secrets, that the spirits find
Through me the means that blind may lead the
blind.

What wondrous medium do I stand before?

Pilgrim.

I am a pilgrim.

Azrael.

What! another one?

Another one to bide the meet of creed,
His simple soul on wisdom thus to feed?

Pilgrim.

I greet you seer—I am child, indeed.

Alastor.

Come with us friend, for here the midway stands,
A worthy structure from all earthly lands;
There is the sign; I, seer, read it well:—
Knock at the gate and enter into hell.

Azrael.

Come with us pilgrims to the social meet,
Though but a Dead Sea apple, you shall eat;
There is the sign; I, devil, read it well:—
Knock at the gate and enter into hell.

Alastor.

Within the midway is the meet of deeds,
Where oft a human leech a human bleeds;
The letting over finds the place to let,
And well bled humans wonder why they met.

Azrael.

And well bred devils wonder why they find
Themselves with such a lot of humankind.
Think you that we are safe?

Alastor.

Ay! safe indeed,
Though pilgrims here might seek a friend in need;
Like humans, we can bid the danger pass,
By drinking high balls from the slender glass.

Pilgrim.

O how the fearful discord rolls amain!

Alastor.

Call not the music discord—it is catchy;
From Cascade mountains unto Appalachie
It soothes the human beast, though dogs will hear,
To turn the tail and howl away in fear.
Yes, it is ragtime—ragtime, until jagtime
Strolls down the midway unto lamp post lagtime;
O precious rhymes—I am a modern poet;
The modern critic is the one to know it.

First Pilgrim.

It seems this human tide is but a sewer,
Which pours its flood from every place obscure.
The sewer empties in the midway slough,
And men, like rats, stray on its banks to view.
Where is the meet of creeds? We wisdom seek,
Not carrion to thrill a vulture's beak.

Alastor.

Say not a stench; although it smells as loud
As perfume which the women use to shroud
The need of soap and bath. The odors on the wind
Blown from the human forms proclaim their kind,

And these sweet odors from the midway rise
To name the passing mortals in disguise;
Give them the bath and devils they appear,
Give them the perfume and their God is near.

Pilgrims.

O how the shouting rends the evening air!

Alastor.

Peace, pilgrims; there the man from Cairo
Is speiling for the dollars of the tyro;
Full many tyros here will buy his dinner,
And leave the midway truly that much thinner.

Azrael.

And there the crowd, as if a mob in pillage,
Crowds through the gateway of the German village.
There flows sweet nectar from the foaming bowl,
And pure ambrosia thrills the mortal soul.

Alastor.

The German soul—I mean the German nose;
O how ambrosia from the village blows!
The Germans beat the gods, I stand confessed,
For Germans have the link kind and the pressed;
The pressed kind sometimes crawls, it always stinks,
And I might say the same thing of the links;
Still, each ambrosia to the German seems,
And lager nectar brings him sweet waltz dreams.

Pilgrim.

Ah me! ah me! the Devil's tattoo sounds.

Alastor.

O how the throng the muscle dance surrounds!
And women too watch those without a dress on,
As if the Christian needs a Turkish lesson.

Compassionate, would make for them a level;
He made for them the midway, here you find them
And fools in myriads surging in behind them.
Then unto him a strenuous proposition
Rose and barred his majesty's volition;
He could not have such trash in his dominions,
And heaven would not grant them golden pinions.
He solved the problem; when they die, like water,
They flow in hell to regions hot and hotter,
Until they meet with soul evaporators,
Which turn fool spirits into spirit vapors.

These vapors on the boundless spirit ocean
Float round the worlds which are but isles in motion,
Till matter, pregnant from the vapors, bears
More human fools to seek the world's great fairs.
Then Prince, to please, ordains the midway revel,
They enter in and find anew a level;
But midway mongers soon must end their capers,
Down—down they go to soul evaporators.
Thus, though these throngs have not a soul to die,
That none have souls to live, who can deny?

First Pilgrim.

Now for the meet of creeds; beyond the gate
We stand and for our leaders' guidance wait.

Azrael.

All roads led unto Babylon, and all
The modern roads lead to this social hall;
This social midway covers land and sea,
And like a cobweb centers where are we.
The same old Broadway and the narrow lane—
O pilgrims blind, behold, and look in vain.

Pilgrims.

Is there no meet of creeds? We pilgrims find
The Christ forgotten, and the church a blind,
And if the fair criterion is, afar
What filthy fountains for the sewer are.

Alastor.

Where is the meet? No meet of creeds is here;
This motley throng cares not if priest is near,
Cares not for heaven, hades, hell or devil,
But only this, the midway and the revel.
Well is the hour, no angels are at work,
Though strife awakes not Christian and the Turk.
Adieu—adieu, we soon shall go afar.

Azrael.

We leave you pilgrims for another star.

Author's Note:—

The 'Pilgrims' may appear to end abruptly. The reason of which is that the author at this time was taken with the grippe, and under the influence of quinine Alastor and Azrael refused to answer any more interrogatories. The author desiring to close the volume, cut the satire short.

A number of readers of 'The Demon of the Cavern' published in my first book, have been unable to discover any meaning therein. The Demon in this poem is intended to represent the winter in Alaska, the fair Spirit the summer, and the Argonauts are the cracked brained mortals who rushed north in the Klondike stampede. I was among their number and write from experience.

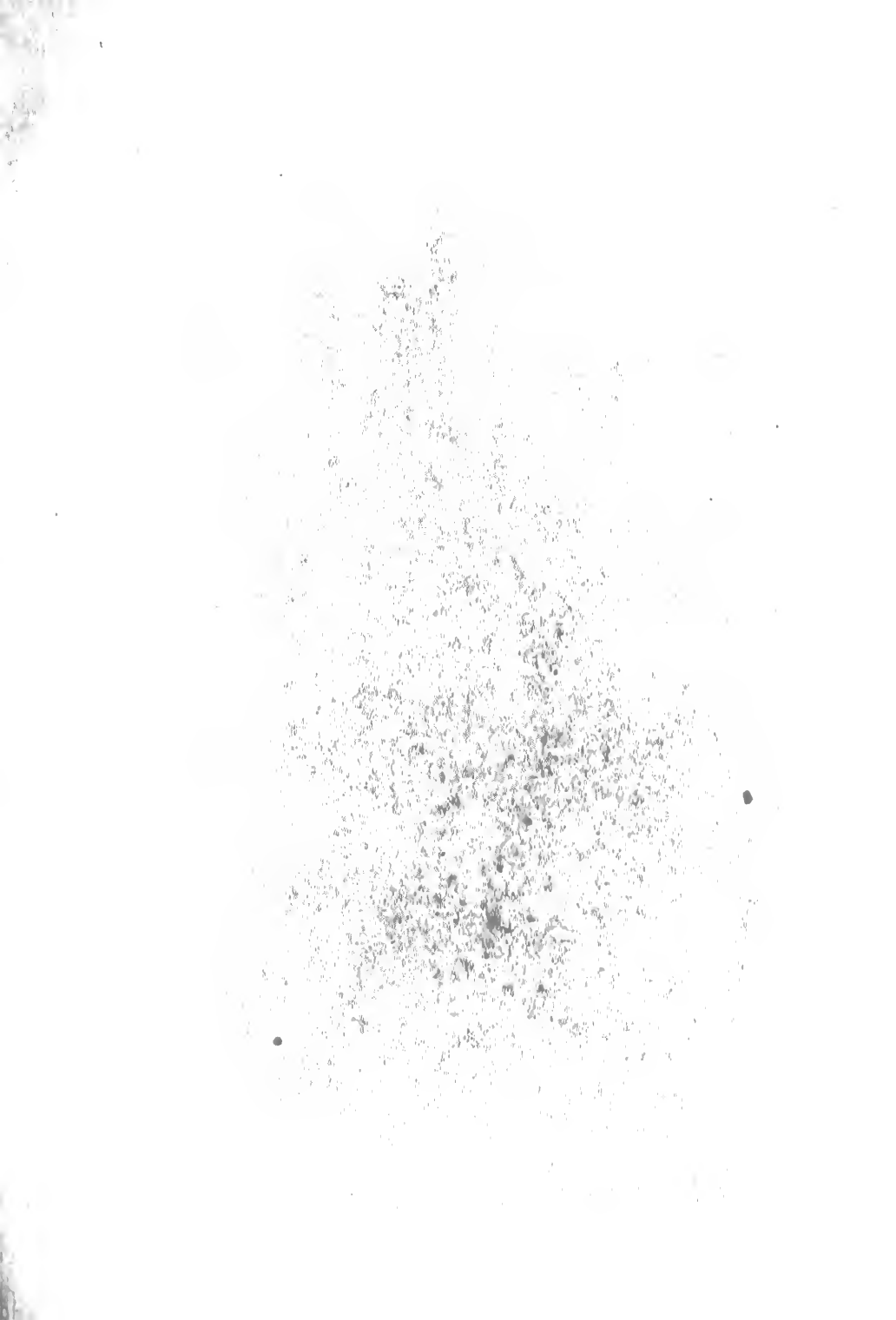
I take the liberty to thank Nathan Haskell Dole for his kind review of 'Armageddon,' in Current History and Modern Culture Magazine, Boston, Mass., also to express a regard for others who have expressed an appreciation of my work, including S. B. McManus, of Elkhart, Ind.

A reviewer in the Critic Magazine, New York, called 'Armageddon' "eleven parts of incoherent bombast," upon reading which I wrote 'Reputation, Great and Co., Publishers.' Being a man of peace, I desire to state that I have concluded to forgive him.

Although I understand there is room in the National Library for a few more volumes, on account of ill health and lack of money, I may not write much more; still, if permitted, I probably will place in print a collection of earliest writings; these are exclusively tales, and before

the writing of 'Armageddon' I had no intention of publishing them; but now the strain of accomplishing something is over, and I think more of preserving what is already written, than of beginning new and extensive work.

VALENTINE BROWN.



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